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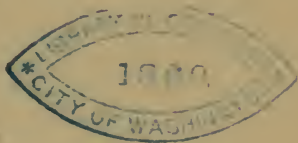


# FIRST AND LAST,

A POEM

INTENDED TO ILLUSTRATE

THE WAYS OF GOD TO MAN.



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J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

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# DEDICATION.

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TO THEE,

MY WIFE,

WHO HAST TAUGHT ME HOW MUCH A WOMAN CAN LOVE,

AND HAST ENABLED ME,

THROUGH THE FEELINGS THOU HAST INSPIRED,

TO MEASURE THE DEPTH OF AFFECTION OF WHICH THE MANLY HEART IS CAPABLE,

I OFFER MY LITTLE BOOK,

WITH THE ASSURANCE THAT TO THIS TEACHING OF THINE IS DUE

ALL THAT IS TRUEST TO NATURE IN ITS PAGES,

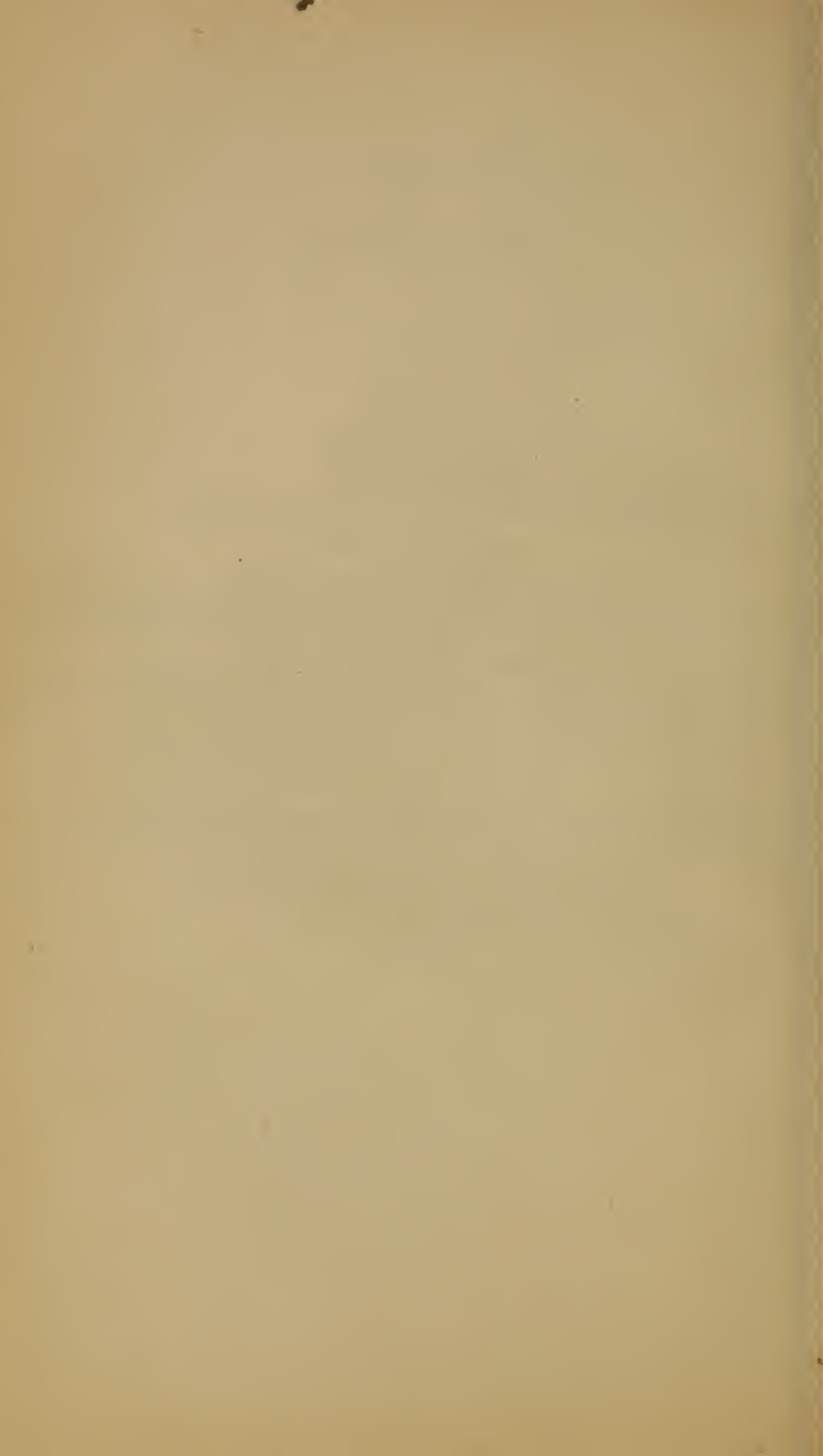
AND IN THE FULL TRUST THAT,

WHATEVER MAY BE ITS FATE IN THE UNCERTAIN FUTURE UPON WHICH IT VENTURES,  
SHOULD IT EVEN BE THROWN AWAY AND TRODDEN UNDER FOOT AS A WORTELESS THING,

IT WILL BE KINDLY WELCOMED, AND FONDLY OHERISHED,

FOR THE SAKE OF ITS AUTHOR,

BY THEE.



## FIRST AND LAST.

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### CHAPTER I.

My theme "The ways of God to Man." Bestow,  
Great Spirit, on Thy suppliant, bending low,  
In deep humility, before Thee, light  
To see his way through this obscure aright;  
And oh! forgive, if darkling he should stray  
From the true path, though seeking it alway.

Before time was, or creature, when alone,  
In solitude sublime, the Eternal One  
Dwelt in calm majesty; no need of aught;  
Himself sufficient to himself; what thought  
In the all-wise counsel brought Creation forth?  
Augmented sway? How possible! What worth



To the *all*-mighty ! The delight of power  
And wisdom exercised ? The cup no more  
Can hold, already full ! The finite may  
Pleasure to pleasure add each passing day.  
With every faculty, when rightly used,  
God has a sweet, rewarding joy infused  
Throughout all sentient nature. But his own  
Contentment infinite ! In this is known  
Nor more nor less. Hence, searcher, thou must needs  
Some other fountain seek of His all-glorious deeds.  
Infinite goodness ! Hence Creation springs,  
Here is the germ of all existing things.  
God wills to love ; of His unbounded grace,  
Joy to sow broadcast through the realms of space.  
Hence sentient life ; hence a material frame,  
In which that life appropriate home may claim ;  
A glorious whole, of fitting parts combined,  
A universe of matter and of mind.  
Remember, then, this truth. Whatever view  
Of man, his nature, end, of what is due  
From him to his Creator, you may take,  
Is unsound, doubtless, if in aught it break

The perfect harmony, which, to reason plain,  
Between God's goodness and his works must reign.

The poorest joy is that from evil spurned ;  
The sweetest pleasure, that which has been earned.  
Search all the past : you'll nowhere find a joy,  
Partner of guilt, without a base alloy  
Of suffering. Even the delights of sense,  
Abused or sinful, have a recompense  
Of pain. The glutton wallowing in his mire ;  
The drunkard burning with a quenchless fire ;  
The spendthrift of love's precious gifts, at last  
Diseased, exhausted, old ere youth is past,  
Do but obey the general law. Nor less  
In higher mental functions, does distress  
Of mind cling fiercely to each evil thought,  
Or act, or passion, howsoever fraught  
With present joy. Behold triumphant hate,  
And slaked revenge, and anger satiate  
With blood ! See, gleaming fearful in their eyes,  
The torment of the worm that never dies.

Once saw I, in a home of insane woe,  
An old man slowly pacing to and fro :

His hair, or what remained of it, was gray ;  
His features pale and shrunk ; wasted away  
His form. He paused. His eye with fury flamed.  
He raised his withered arm and slowly aimed.  
“ One—two—three ! a damned good shot,” he said ;  
Then fell his arm, and sank his hoary head :  
Again he paced along that gloomy hall.  
Long years ago, had sped a fatal ball  
From that stern arm, which mercy could not bend,  
Into the bosom of a cherished friend.

Is the seducer happy with the toils  
In which the lovely he ensnares ? There coils  
An ever-hissing serpent in his breast,  
Poisoning his life, and ne’er permitting rest.  
And does unscrupulous ambition gain  
A richer harvest from its toil, and pain,  
And wiles ? the havoc and the woe strewn o’er  
Its wasting march to glory or to power ?  
Let Cæsar answer, weltering in his blood ;  
Or Austrian Charles in cloistered solitude ;  
Or, greater still, the imperial exile,  
Brooding o’er glories gone in lone St. Helen’s Isle.

But cast your eye on one by whom the cup  
Of sin, with sparkling pleasure foaming up,  
Has been untasted put aside. How bright  
The fount of gladness gushing to the light  
From the soul's depths ! Nor at the time alone,  
But through all future life ; though fortune frown,  
Though varied ill may press upon the soul,  
And earth a desert seem from pole to pole,  
Yet oft springs up the memory of that day,  
With cooling freshness, on life's weary way ;  
And virtuous self-denial, multiplied,  
Like a full stream from fountain never dried,  
Comes from the past, and, as it overflows,  
“ Makes the parched desert blossom like the rose.”

A man there was, a hero, who from youth  
Upward ne'er wavered from the line of truth ;  
A sinner, doubtless, in the eye of Heaven,  
But through atoning grace to be forgiven ;  
Yet, on his pathway, man has vainly sought  
One act disgraceful, one degrading thought.  
Tempted as we, and more, he firmly stood,  
Breasting, rock-like, the passions' fiercest flood ;

As ice impassive to seduction's breath,  
In all things noble even unto death.  
In the long struggles of a doubtful war,  
In troubled peace, his country's guiding star.  
In deepest night, when, save the tempest's glare,  
No light there was, he bent not to despair.  
When prosperous day broke on the scene again,  
Ambition urged on him a crown in vain.  
He sought no sway but in the nation's heart,  
And proffered power he took but to impart  
Present and future good ; and when, at length,  
Through him, his youthful country had gained strength,  
The path of greatness to pursue alone,  
He left his station, higher than a throne,  
Calmly in Vernon's peaceful shades to dwell.  
Of that great soul no mortal tongue can tell  
The joy ecstatic that with memory rolled  
Through the whole glorious past, like flood of gold,  
And radiant shed upon his face a sheen  
Beyond the light of smiles, a majesty serene.

Could e'en Omnipotence such joy create  
In such a soul, if all were bound by fate ;



No sense of right or wrong, no power to choose  
This to adopt, the other to refuse ?  
From boundless goodness boundless joy must flow ;  
'Tis only virtue such delight can know ;  
Virtue without temptation cannot be ;  
But, to be tempted, must the will be free.  
The highest offspring of creative love  
Must, therefore, have the liberty to move  
Unfettered through life's mingled good and ill,  
And pluck the one or other at its will.

## CHAPTER II.

By revelation lighted, and a ray  
From science falling on our dubious way,  
Let us now strive Creation's steps to trace  
In her productive march through time and space.

First matter sprang to birth, of atoms made  
Minute beyond conception, which no grade  
Of magnifying power has ever brought  
Within man's cognizance, and which, for aught  
Man knows, may simply be a form or mode  
Of the all-powerful will. Next, through this crowd  
Of atoms there was breathed a forming force,  
Attraction called, of mass the pregnant source,  
Gathering toward centers all the floating dust,  
And planting space with an unnumbered host  
Of mighty spheres. To these, themselves inert,  
But with the same attractive force begirt

That formed them, was a forward movement given,  
By which, careering through the deep of heaven,  
They rolled resistless in vast circles round  
Respective centers, suns, in systems bound  
With their subordinates, and in their turn  
Rolling round other centers, in a stern  
Unswerving course, all by the central hand  
Omnipotent restrained, as by an iron band.  
Cold, silent, dark, the formless masses whirled,  
The brute material of a coming world.

And now two mighty energies began  
To work, heaven-ordered, in the wondrous plan,—  
Heat and electric force. The former breathed  
Upon the passive spheres; and instant seethed  
Huge billowing oceans, tossing clouds on high  
Of lurid vapors to the empty sky.  
The elemental atoms, thus set free  
From their imprisonment, did joyously  
Disport; and, with electric love or hate  
Attracted or repelled, each sought its mate  
Amid the throng; primeval nuptials these;  
Fruitful in forms material, whence seas,

And isles and continents of rock arose,  
And the vast ocean air that round them flows.

God said, "Let there be light, and there was light;"  
And the dense blackness fled; and day and night  
Alternate ruled; Creation sprang to view;  
And the far-distant worlds each other knew.

Thus earth was born. In the dark womb of time  
Developed, she had now, with birth sublime,  
Come forth to light; not perfect, but with power,  
Through change spontaneous, growing hour by hour,  
At length a fitting body to become  
For life to dwell in. Let the fancy roam  
O'er her bleak surface, in her infant state,  
And watch her progress till, with joy elate,  
She throw aloft her giant arms, and claim  
From Him who made her, for her ripened frame  
Fitting adornment. She rejoiced by day  
With sun-lit firmament, with the array  
Of moon and stars by night, with gorgeous hue  
Of ever-varying cloud, and the deep blue  
Of unvailed skies. The mist, the gentle shower,  
The breeze and storm, the tempest's flash and roar,

The flaky snow, and rattling hail were there,  
“And all the seasons’ change ;” but bleak and bare  
Was the earth’s bosom ; naught but rocky crust  
And lifeless waters ; not e’en primal dust  
In the gale sported. A vast gulf below  
Of liquid fire, with red but unseen glow,  
Eternal surged earth’s center round, and roared  
With subterranean thunder. Here, it poured  
Its molten torrents forth through shafts profound,  
Whelming in fiery floods the realms around ;  
There, in its billowy movement rolling high,  
It heaved huge craggy ridges to the sky  
Of rock incumbent ; in receding flow  
Left the deserted vault to settle low,  
Into unfathomable depths, where soon  
Or sea, or lake, in watery brilliance shone.

By furious storm, by thunderbolt of heaven,  
The sky-invading peaks were deeply riven ;  
Huge masses toppled from each cloud-capped height,  
And, crashing downward with their thundering might,  
Spread rocky ruin on the vale beneath.  
The avalanche, cold winter’s frozen breath,



Unsettled from its lofty basis, fell,  
With sweeping ravage down each mountain dell.  
Upheaved by surges from their bed, or torn  
From beetling shores, huge icy isles were borne  
O'er ocean's waste, and scattered far and wide  
Their rocky burden in the melting tide.  
Through all earth's stony realm, fierce winter drove  
His icy wedge ; with force resistless clove  
Granitic masses, and their fragments rude,  
With wild profusion, o'er the landscape strewed.

But, mingled with this elemental war,  
Were softer scenes. Wooed by the gentle air  
In whispering breezes, by the smiling light  
And warmth of day, by tears of dewy night,  
By the shower's kiss, and streamlet's sparkling mirth,  
The flinty rock was softened into earth.  
Adown the slopes each rapid current bore  
Its new-earned tribute to the vale, the shore,  
And the deep sea. Thus to the bony frame  
Of the bare globe a fleshly covering came,  
Smoothing the rugged surface, rounding off  
The jutting angles, filling up the trough

Between the rocky ribs, till the earth grew  
Fit for the work of life she had to do.

God willed ; and instant teemed air, land, and sea  
With living things ; plants, animals ; to be,  
With countless offspring, and through countless years,  
Earth's inhabitants ; as to the eye appears  
Of science, written by time's finger on  
The eternal pages of the globe. But gone  
Are they all now. By fire and flood they died,  
And their remains, rock-buried, still abide,  
More gloriously entombed than Pharaoh in his pride.  
Firstlings of life, in form and structure rude,  
Primeval types of a more perfect brood  
To come ; yet were they to their purpose true,  
In their day gladsome, and when this was through,  
Garnered for future wants a precious store.  
Witness those magazines of wealth and power,  
Exhaustless coal-beds ; witness too the hills  
And plains which Albion's chalky treasure fills ;  
The marly wealth, which to the worn-out soil  
Imparts wherewith to pay the plowman's toil ;

The Baltic amber, and, the list to close,  
The burning springs whence naphthous current flows.

Nor was there one creative act alone  
Of animated nature. There is shown  
By geologic pointings in the past  
A gradual series rising to the last.

Ages on ages had unceasing rolled  
Into the past; time was already old;  
Change upon change had swept remorseless by,  
Taking, but giving more; at last the cry  
Joyous went up from earth's perfected plan,  
Lord! we are ready for thy creature Man.

But does not God's revealèd Word declare  
That in six days were made the earth, the air,  
And all that are within? Yet not less true  
Is the word spoken in His works. The two  
Must be consistent. To the Infinite  
Time is not as with us. For Him unite  
The present, past, and future, all in one.  
A day is not the time from sun to sun,  
But a mere land-mark in eternity,  
Succession of events to mortal eye

To show. The days of genesis to man  
Are, therefore, simple periods in the plan  
Of the creation, and may represent  
Millions of ages in Divine intent.

## CHAPTER III.

Now God made man and woman, perfect, both,  
In every human attribute; as doth  
The work of an Almighty hand become.  
In him had strength and dignity their home;  
In every movement was a manly grace  
Conspicuous; and o'er his noble face  
The subject passions shed a genial glow,  
While regal thought sat "throned upon his brow."  
She, fairest of God's creatures, and the last,  
The essence of all beauty from the past  
Concentrated; upon her cheek the hue  
Of mingled rose and lily, and the blue  
Of heaven in her eye; her golden hair  
In sunny ringlets down her shoulders bare,  
Vailing their more than Parian richness, fell;  
Each curving line of her fair form like swell



Of gently heaving waters ; and the whole  
Harmonious, like soft music to the soul  
Of him, her mate, as, hanging on his arm,  
With look upturned to his, the holy charm  
Of purity, with all-confiding love,  
And reverence for mental gifts above  
Her own, and for appreciated worth,  
Beamed from her sweet and exquisite beauty forth,  
To meet his melting gaze.

Thus stood the pair  
In Paradise ; and seemed to them most fair,  
In this their dawn of life, all things around ;  
For earth was Eden then ; no other bound  
To the luxuriant garden than the line  
Where earth meets heaven ; all bathed in the sunshine  
Of innocence and love. They felt as though  
They never had not been, and seemed to know  
And speak intuitively as of old  
Had been their wont. Although no tongue had told  
Into their ear the mystery, they saw  
Their mutual bond connubial, and the law

Of their relation with the world without.  
God, too, revealed himself to them in thought;  
And, though material eye could not behold  
His glory and survive, they read enscribed  
In characters of light, within their breast,  
His power and goodness, and the high behest  
That love for Him should their whole being fill,  
And perfect self-surrender to His will.  
All creatures recognized their regal sway  
Over the earth. E'en the fierce beast of prey  
Shrank from their frown, or sought their fondling hand.  
Nature herself their handmaid. By command  
Of her the crystal waters sparkled forth  
To meet their thirst; each bearing plant of worth,  
Emulous, its burden offered to their choice;  
The feathered cackler called them with her voice  
To her warm nest; the mother of the herd  
Milk-laden came, and the soft hand preferred  
Of her fair mistress, rivaling her in breath,  
To her own suckling. Joyously, beneath  
Their kindly look, of bird and beast the young  
Disported. From each leafy covert sprung

The voice of gladness forth, oft as they strayed,  
Hand joined to hand, or arm in arm, through glade,  
Or on the mossy bank of gurgling rill,  
Or up the steep side of some eminent hill,  
Whence, with o'erflowing hearts, they might survey  
The wide-spread glory subject to their sway.

From mid-day sun and pelting rains to guard  
Their unclad frames, a leafy bower they reared,  
With varied flowers, sweet-scented, intertwined,  
Within a shady palm-grove, where reclined,  
After their morning strolls, they sought repose,  
Sweet to their wearied limbs, on couch of rose  
And odorous grasses mixed; or at the door,  
Beneath a clustered vine, sat and looked o'er  
The grassy slope, and flowery mead, and stream  
Here hid by groves, there bright with sunny beam,  
To misty hills, and cloud-capped peaks afar;  
In silent rapture, with no thought or care  
Beyond each other; or in converse sweet  
Mind interchanging, while full often met  
Their love-enkindled eyes. Around them all  
Teeming with joyous life: air musical

With song of bird and insect, and the low  
Of distant herds; the lawn and mead below,  
And leafy boughs, flashing with brilliant hue  
And nimble motion, in accordance true  
With those aërial sounds; while, far and near,  
Single or grouped, in quiet contrast were,  
Yet still harmonious, creatures numberless—  
Fowls, quadrupeds, and reptiles—each in dress  
Peculiar, all beauteous, from the fair  
Coiled serpent, that close by the loving pair  
Lay with a searching gaze, to the giraffe,  
Which far off bent his graceful neck to quaff  
The crystal waters.

And the woman spoke;  
And all that from her lips of roses broke  
Was simply, "Dearest husband!" and the tear  
Swam in her eye; for more than she could bear,  
Without thus welling, was the happiness  
Of her full soul; and he did fondly press  
Within his manly arms the gentle girl,  
And from her cheek did kiss the liquid pearl.

Oh ! this was heaven upon earth ; and stood  
God in the midst ; and saw that it was good.  
Then ope'd the man his lips, and poured his soul  
In tuneful hymn forth to the Source of all.

#### ADAM'S HYMN.

Accept, O Lord, the homage of this gladness,  
This inexpressible ecstasy ;  
The fullness of our souls would swell to madness,  
Could it not overflow to Thee.

To Thee, in one their Maker, Friend, and Father,  
Ascend, in a grand symphony,  
The joys of all that live ; and Thou wouldst rather  
Thus than by loud song lauded be.

Out of Thy goodness Thou became Creator ;  
Through space it was Thy gracious will  
Joy to diffuse. No duty can be greater  
Than Thy kind purpose to fulfill.

Joy, then to feel, and to give joy to others,  
Is the true worship unto Thee;  
Children of Thine, all sentient things are brothers,  
And claim an earnest sympathy.

But well we know, I and this dearest being  
Whom Thou hast given me for a bride,  
That all our pleasure waits upon obeying  
Thee without question, as our Guide.

Then, oh! our Father, aid us, we beseech Thee,  
To know and do Thy sacred will.  
Oh may our prayers in all their fervor reach Thee,  
As heretofore, oh guard us still!

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From the first dawn till their eyes closed at night,  
They had a ceaseless fountain of delight  
In outward nature; not alone of sense,  
Though every nervous cord thrilled with intense  
Perception of the beautiful and grand;  
Nor of the heart, though sympathetic band



Made all the gladness of creation theirs;  
But also of the intellect, which shares,  
With every other attribute of man,  
The joy of lawful exercise. To scan  
Existence in its varied forms; to class  
Resemblances; up from the lowly grass,  
Or crawling worm, or pebble in the fount,  
To giant oak, or elephant, or mount  
Lifting its head aloft to realms of snow,  
All things to name; fearless to dive below  
The outward, and to search, with holden breath,  
The myst'ries of the secret world beneath,  
Such was their daily wont: she quick to see,  
And glad to draw him to each novelty,  
With question looked or spoken; he, with keen  
And thoughtful insight, yet with smiling mien  
Expressing tenderest love, pleased to unwind  
Each tangled thought to her assenting mind.

“Darker, my dearest, than the starless night  
“Would be these mysteries, but for the light

“ From one great fact—that God is everywhere,  
“ And all in all. The waters, earth, and air,  
“ Sun, moon, and stars, each living thing, and we  
“ Ourselves are what we are only that He  
“ Lives in us. Every movement, act, or change  
“ In this wide world is His. Nor deem it strange  
“ That He who rolls yon glorious orb, the cloud  
“ Spreads out in gorgeous splendor, speaks aloud  
“ In the deep thunder, and the tempest’s roar,  
“ Should deign to burst that lowly budding flower,  
“ Support that little fluttering thing that sucks  
“ Its treasured sweets, ere thy fair finger plucks  
“ Its beauty for thy ringlets, e’en to bring  
“ Up from their depths the wavelets of this spring  
“ That bubbles at our feet. To Him are one  
“ The greatest and the least; nothing alone;  
“ Essential parts of the stupendous whole  
“ Are all things; all by His direct control  
“ And presence moving; and, as He the same  
“ Was, is, and ever will be, we may name  
“ Each noted order of events a law  
“ Of nature. But, should He Himself withdraw,

“Powerless would nature be, chaos again  
“Would come, tyrannic ruin fiercely reign  
“Throughout the world, and all this beauteous frame  
“Fall into that drear nothing whence it came.”  
“And we, too?” answered with a gentle sigh  
Her wifely voice. “Oh! surely, thou and I  
“Could never cease to love?”

“My dearest, no !”

Responded he; and scarcely could the flow  
Of tears restrain, as in his sheltering arms  
He clasped her. “Cease, my flutterer, thy alarms.  
“Imperishable is whate’er can think  
“Or feel within us. Though this flesh should shrink  
“Away, and perish like the tender grass,  
“Yet would our living souls unscathed pass  
“Through the fierce trial, and a refuge find  
“In the dear bosom of that Father kind,  
“From whom they sprang. Yet surely we do feel  
“There is a tenure by which hangs our weal  
“In this our world. God made us something more  
“Than all things living else. They have their store

“ Of pleasure. Thine and mine is greater far,  
“ As the day’s lord outshines the twinkling star  
“ That somehow struggles faintly into sight  
“ Through his o’erpowering rays. But this delight,  
“ God, when he gave it, gave us too to know,  
“ Could only from a full obedience flow  
“ To His law registered within our breast.

“ But yester morn, when thou hadst to the nest  
“ Of thy sweet warbler wandered, as I sate  
“ Near by our door, and watched my darling mate  
“ Tripping along, methought a hissing sound  
“ Fell on my ear; and thereon turning round  
“ My head, I saw the serpent, beautiful  
“ And wise above all beasts, close by my stool,  
“ In glittering coil, with head erect, and neck  
“ Gracefully arched, and eyes that seemed to speak,  
“ So keen and bright they were. Quick as he met  
“ My sight, his proud crest fell, and to my feet  
“ He crept most humbly; while his speaking glance,  
“ Which in mid-air did like a sunbeam dance,  
“ So glittering was it, seemed to me to say,  
“ Proud though I am, I thy behests obey,

“ Lord of this earth. A God thou art, and none  
“ Greater, not e’en the uncreated One.  
“ An instant swelled my breast with a fierce pride ;  
“ But quick I crushed the monster, and it died ;  
“ And the sweet joy that through my bosom spread,  
“ Taught me how much of all we feel is shed  
“ From this pure source ; and I most surely know  
“ That God was gracious when He did bestow,  
“ Along with life, free will, the power to choose  
“ The right or wrong which on her path she strews ;  
“ For ’tis alone by triumphs over sin  
“ That man the highest happiness can win.”

Thus spoke the first of men ; and the sweet wife  
In reverent silence listened ; for no strife  
Had ever thrown a cloud upon their love :  
She, all confiding, heard but to approve ;  
He studied every wish, and to forestall it strove.

One eve, beneath a willow they reclined  
On the green turf ; the sun had far declined  
In gorgeous West, and, with his slanting ray,  
Tinged the soft pinions of departing day



With hues of gold ; when, from a neighboring bush  
The modest tinted mocking-bird a gush  
Sent forth of glorious music, fit farewell  
To the day's lord ; and, as they watched the swell  
Of throat, the ruffling feathers, the quick spring  
From twig to twig, and the brisk fluttering wing  
Of the stirred songster, in the woman's heart  
Thrilled an accordant string ; and there did part  
From her fair lips a strain so sweet, so clear,  
So soothing by its softness, that the deer  
Browsing near by, their antlered heads did raise  
To catch the silver sounds, and, in amaze,  
Forgetful ceased the warbling bird his lay,  
And, deeply hushed, sat listening on the spray.

#### EVE'S SONG.

I AM glad when I rise in the morning,  
I am glad when I lie down to rest ;  
And all the day long  
I could pour forth a song  
Of gladness, my dearest and best.



A sweet essence, from all things created,  
Joy exhales, like the odor of flowers;  
Of each breath a part,  
It comes straight to the heart,  
And oh ! how it nestles in ours.

When alone I have wandered with nature,  
And been wrapt in her beauty and pride,  
It seemed that no bliss  
Could be greater than this;  
But ah ! 'twas as naught at thy side.

Thou art soul of my soul, oh ! my husband ;  
In love's sacred bands we are one ;  
But no ! for I feel,  
Now and ever, thy weal  
More dear to me far than my own.

## CHAPTER IV.

OF all the feathered tribe there was a pair  
Most dear to Eve; for an example rare  
Were they of constancy connubial,  
And faithful love. These she was wont to call  
*Her* doves. They were most sweet and innocent;  
And to their love-notes oft, with ear intent,  
She listened, for it seemed to her as though  
They spoke a language which she well did know,  
The language of the heart. One day this pair  
Sat cooing on the lawn, when from mid-air,  
Like flash of lightning, stooped a falcon fierce,  
And with his talons did the male bird pierce  
With fearful violence. Instant she flew,  
To save from ill, though what she scarcely knew,  
The bird beloved. Obedient to her cry,  
The feathered robber sought his native sky,

Leaving his prey all bleeding. Quick she took  
The trembler in her arms; with pitying look  
Beheld its struggling limbs, and fading eye,  
Nor ceased to cherish till she saw it die;  
Then placed it on the turf, and watched the mate  
Thus widowed, with a mien all desolate,  
And plaintive cry, the senseless form draw near,  
And by its side lie down; as if of fear,  
Or hope, or joy, there could be none henceforth for her.

And now first knew the mother of mankind  
What sorrow was; and with her head inclined  
Upon her heaving breast, she wept aloud,  
Thinking not only of her favorite, bowed  
In widowed desolation, but of him  
Her all, and of herself; and her eyes dim  
With tears she raised to his, and met a look  
So tender, fond, and sad, that she could brook  
No more, but threw herself upon his breast,  
And sobbed, "Aught else but this." Fondly caressed,  
She felt a soothing influence o'er her steal,  
And, calmed, could hear his gentle voice reveal  
Truth and wise counsel.

“Thou dost sorely fear  
“That, like this bird, thy spouse may die, and here  
“Leave thee all lone and desolate. Dread thought  
“Indeed! But, that we ne’er shall come to naught,  
“Like beast and fowl, we have assurance deep  
“In our interior sense. God sure will keep  
“That promise which He made, when He did plant  
“Within our souls the consciousness, the want,  
“The hope of everlasting life. Deceive  
“He could and would not; and we may believe  
“In our eternity as in His faith.  
“To doubt would be to justify His wrath,  
“Could He thus feel. Whether this flesh shall last  
“Forever, or to dust return, is past  
“Our comprehending; but of this be sure,  
“The real *we, our being*, shall endure  
“Beyond all time. Capacity to love,  
“E’en though our bodies perish like thy dove,  
“Shall still remain.”

The woman chased her fears  
Before this consolation; her sad tears

Gave way once more to smiles ; and, like the bow  
So beauteous after showers, her fancy's glow  
Painted, e'en through the drops that in her eyes  
Still hung, with brightly varied tint, the skies  
Of her whole future ; though a gentle shade  
Of sadness, like a cloud o'er grassy glade,  
Lay, not unpleasingly, upon the scene ;  
For she could not forget how dear had been  
The favorite lost, nor cease to sympathize  
With the meek mourner, which she now did prize,  
And warmly cherish, with a love yet more  
Tender and watchful than that felt before.

One troubled thought this scene had left behind,  
Which, though she strove, she could not from her mind  
Utterly banish. God the power possessed  
Creation to dispose as to him best  
Might seem. Then why permit sorrow, and pain,  
And violence on earth ? Was it so plain  
That He was goodness all, as once she thought ?  
But sooth to say, whenever doubt thus wrought  
Within her, was the serpent in the way,  
And subtle light seemed in his eyes to play.

She sought her oracle, and on him laid  
Confidingly her burden, and he said:—

“Most surely thou dost know that God is good.  
“Why else did He pour forth this mighty flood  
“Of pleasure o’er the earth? And why impart  
“This love and veneration to our heart  
“Of goodness, were it not an attribute  
“Of His? Had the least doubt e’er set its foot  
“Within my bosom, it would instant flee  
“Before one thought, that He has given me thee.  
“But the Almighty and the infinite One  
“Can have no imperfection. E’en the sun  
“May have spots on its splendor; but not He.  
“If God is good, he is so perfectly.  
“Should aught on earth seem otherwise to show,  
“It must be merely seeming. Could we know  
“All things, what to our present clouded sight  
“May seem defective or obscure, would bright  
“As the mid-day become. Therefore, believe  
“His goodness perfect, whatsoe’er may grieve



“Thy tender heart. But let us see how far

“Through this apparent mistiness, the star

“Of reason may our footsteps guide.

“’Twas death

“That shocked thee most; and surely to draw breath

“No more; to close the eyes upon this world

“And all its beauteous things forever; hurled

“To be from highest joy to nothingness

“By one fell blow, would be, we must confess,

“To beings like ourselves a thought of woe.

“But this can never, never be; oh! no.

“To the brute world there is no future, nor

“A hope or fear thereof. Death is no more

“To them than sleep from which they ne’er again

“Will wake; their life but parcel in the strain

“Of universal joy. They were to die,

“That all their several kinds might multiply,

“Yet not o’erfill the earth. Each one gives place

“To his successor; and ’tis thus a race,

“And not an individual alone,

“Life’s blessings that receive. Thus must thou own

“That death no evil is, but, understood,  
“Another proof that God is wholly good.”

“But pain and sorrow!” said her plaintive voice;  
“Could not God make us ever to rejoice,  
“Nor us alone but all?” “Undoubtedly,”  
Returned her partner. “We cannot deny  
“Aught to Omnipotence. But is it right  
“That we, His creatures, groping in the night  
“Of deepest ignorance, to the All-wise  
“Presume to offer guidance? Him to advise  
“In matters of His providence? We feel,  
“And know full well, that He doth kindly deal  
“With us; that all around us is delight  
“Profusely scattered; and, if in our sight  
“There be a seeming speck in the fair face  
“Of things, is it not safer this to trace  
“To our defective vision, than to dare  
“Detract from His perfection? If so far  
“Life is enjoyment that the living dread  
“To part with it, that every evil shed  
“Along its path is lightly deemed compared  
“With its attractions; surely should be spared

“ Complaining thoughts, and all should grateful be  
“ For what has been vouchsafed, not thanklessly  
“ Dissatisfied because they have not more.

“ Are pain and sorrow evils? Let us o’er  
“ This pregnant question ponder. We may find,  
“ Instead of evils, they had been designed  
“ As blessings. What may be the pains of sin  
“ Is yet unknown, as haply not within  
“ Our life’s experience. Once upon the brink  
“ I dared to stand, and shudder still to think  
“ Of the terrific depth, and of the woe  
“ That fearful surged in the dark gulf below.

“ But simple pains of body or of mind  
“ From the same sources come that were designed  
“ For pleasure. Every joy of living thing  
“ Must from the touch of some kind influence spring,  
“ Which in excess may pain. The sensitive cord,  
“ Of which the soft vibrations oft afford  
“ Exquisite pleasure, may beneath the stroke  
“ Of violence snap asunder, and, when broke,  
“ May not be joined again. In less degree,  
“ The same rude force may simply painful be,

“To warn against the worst. And thus is pain  
“A sentinel of joy, placed to maintain  
“Inviolate her home. Rememberest thou  
“The thunderstorm that erewhile raged? and how  
“Its distant fitful play in the dark cloud,  
“And the deep music of its voice, as loud  
“It called to thee from far, thou couldst enjoy?  
“But when with flash, which threatened to destroy  
“Those tender orbs, and with terrific roar  
“It near approached, as though ’twould crush the door  
“That opes into thy soul, how the brief pang  
“Of dazzled vision, and the stunning clang  
“Did cause those lids with quick, instinctive fear,  
“To guard the threatened sight, and o’er thine ear  
“That roseate hand its soft protection press?  
“Oh! I would joyful bear, and even bless  
“A tenfold pain, which might such terror spare  
“Of harm to thee, though vain as empty air.  
“Not merely threatened evils to avert  
“Is pain designed. It renders us alert  
“In all the future, and may often prove  
“A guardian friend. Thyself, my own sweet love,

“ Gave proof of this. Dost not recall the hour  
“ When thou didst bring to me a gorgeous flower,  
“ Plucked from a thorny shrub? A bloody stain  
“ Was on this tender hand; and, by the pain  
“ Compelled, tears stood within those gentle eyes,  
“ Though they smiled sweetly, as the splendid prize  
“ Thou gav’st me. Many a flowery thorn since then  
“ Has yielded thee its wealth; but ne’er again  
“ Hast thou paid for it with thy precious blood.  
“ The fleeting pain has won a lasting good.

“ All that we feel of mental suffering  
“ Is scarcely worth the name. Without the sting  
“ Of sin there is no sorrow. What may bear  
“ That name is but a cloud in summer air,  
“ Dimming the over-brightness of the sun;  
“ A tearful shower, and its whole course is run,  
“ Leaving but soothing memories behind.  
“ Thy mourning for the dove was of this kind.  
“ ’Twas half a pleasure while it lasted, now  
“ Comes like a twilight coolness to the glow  
“ Of thy bright gladness. Pity is the tear  
“ Of the full heart, which it relieves. E’en fear



“Is not all pain ; for ever at her side

“Is joyous hope, who, while her footsteps guide

“The sister’s warnings, whispers in her ear

“Bright crowding fancies for the coming year.

“Pain, too, enhances pleasure. It is thirst

“Which makes the draught delicious. Hunger first,

“And after, luscious food. Fatigue and rest

“Are ever joined. Thou knowest how keen the zest

“Of absence to our meetings. Contrast sways

“Throughout the realm of feeling. Brightest blaze

“Our pleasures in the shade of suffering past,

“And joy shines fairest out of skies o’ercast.

“Pains are but shadows on the field of life

“To make enjoyment perfect. Gentle strife

“Of light and shade far sweeter is than glare

“Of ceaseless noon. All, then, as one declare

“His goodness, and unite in the acclaim,

“Praise, honor, glory to His holy name.”

With serious face, reflective, listened she,

And, as the thoughts moved on, did heartily

Assent at every step, most glad to find

The chilling doubts fast melting from her mind.



Yet still around it hung, like a thin haze,  
One thought perplexing ; and the mental rays  
Came with a wavering and impeded light  
From her expressive eyes. He read aright  
The dubious look, and said :—

“ I know full well

“ Thy trouble. Words are scarce required to tell

“ Thy crystal thoughts. All kindness as thou art,

“ And gentleness, thou canst not to thy heart

“ Quite reconcile, that death to sentient thing

“ Should from a brother come ; that they who spring

“ From the same love should fiercely turn, and rend

“ Each other. Still beholdest thou descend

“ From the mid-air upon thy petted dove

“ That violence. The tyrant of the grove

“ And his meek victim to thy fancy's eye

“ Are human. In the one thou dost descry

“ A conscious outrage, and a purposed wrong,

“ And shudd'rest ; while around the other throng

“ Womanly thoughts of terror and despair ;

“ And in thy kindly bosom thou dost share

“ Their guilt and suffering, as if of kind

“ The same with us ; then, in thy wondering mind,

“ The question shrinkingly arises ; how

“ God should such horrors in his works allow.

“ But here thy nimble fancy has outrun

“ The truth of nature, and o’er reason won

“ A triumph. Brutes no sense of right or wrong

“ Can boast, nor reasoning power ; but, driven along

“ By force resistless of interior springs,

“ Rush to their ends ; as flies this stone, which flings

“ My arm, to yonder mark ; and not less free

“ Than it of conscious wrong or injury.

“ Yon bird, which to its unfledged young bears home

“ The living worm, may in its turn become

“ A falcon’s prey ; but of more cruel mood

“ Is neither than the dove which pecks its food

“ Of grass-seeds from thy hand ; all but obey

“ Their nature’s law ; blind instruments are they

“ Of higher wisdom. Nor is death, thus wrought

“ By living cause, more pitiable in aught

“ Than when from senseless source. In verity

“ It is not death, but a mere step whereby

“ Life passes into life ; for whether plant  
“ Or sentient thing it is that dies, no want  
“ Of proof there is, that all its parts disjoined  
“ In other forms of life are recombined ;  
“ And though one flower may its sweet petals close,  
“ The tree of life, like ever-blooming rose,  
“ Puts forth anew, and joy perennial blows.”

The mist of doubt, as thus the husband spake,  
Like clouds that from the morning hill-top break  
Before the rising sun, was swept away  
From her glad soul, which thus poured forth its lay.

### SONG OF EVE.

A shadow of sadness came over my soul,  
But the light of my sun has dispelled it,  
A ravenous doubt on my happiness stole,  
But a glance from thy spirit has quelled it.

Each pain is the bud of a pleasure to come,  
And enjoyment lies hidden in sorrow ;  
The storm of to-day, with its terror and gloom,  
But prepares for a brighter to-morrow.

E'en death is no longer a terrible thing :

'Tis a rock cast in life's flowing river ;

The waters are checked, but in sweet murmurs sing,

Then flow on to their bountiful Giver.

My Father and God, with a heart full of love,

I do gratefully bow down before Thee ;

Oh ! strengthen my weakness, no more let me rove,

But forever and ever adore Thee !

## CHAPTER V.

THUS lived in Paradise the happy pair,  
Heedless of time. For them the day, month, year,  
Flew by, joy scattering from its fragrant wing,  
Bearing no charm away, nor leaving sting  
Behind. Health glowed perennial in their cheek.  
With sovereign step they walked the earth, tho' meek  
Before the Lord. In her beauty and grace;  
In him strength, dignity; and not a trace  
In either of the waste of passion, care,  
Or growing age; but both all-perfect were  
As fresh from their Creator they had been.  
Alas! alas! that o'er this lovely scene  
A withering blight should come.

For her, to roam  
Through realms mysterious; truant from the home

Of simple fact, to spread her spirit's wings,  
And dart beyond the limit of known things,  
Far, far away into the starry night  
Of speculation, hoping in her flight  
To catch some wandering truth, was a delight.  
Of cooler sense, and judgment more sedate,  
Though with a wider scope of thought, her mate  
Could better the dim, hazy line perceive  
That bounds the knowable. Him to deceive  
With a false glittering show, and from the sure,  
Firm ground of truth, into her realms to lure  
Of mimic glories in the sunlit cloud,  
E'en fancy failed. The impenetrable shroud,  
O'er the forbidden by God's wisdom hung,  
To rend he strove not; but as sinful flung  
The very wish away.

Once, as the wife,  
From her wild flight amid the stormy strife  
Of wind and cloud, with palpitating breast,  
Half joyous, half alarmed, sought wonted rest  
And refuge in his arms, and sympathy  
In his fond look, there gathered in his eye



A shadowy thoughtfulness; and, while he smoothed  
The ruffled plumage lovingly, and soothed  
The unquiet spirit, there did softly flow  
Remonstrance from his parted lips; but so  
With sweetest love attuned, that on her ear  
It fell with charm of music, scarce less dear  
Than praise.

“My sweetest, dearest, only one  
“Save Him to whom I owe thee, at whose throne  
“I need to sue for pardon that the gift  
“Should rival e’en the giver, let us lift  
“An earnest prayer for guidance; for I fear  
“Lest, in our pride of strength, we may too near  
“Approach to the forbidden; lest we fall,  
“Bruised, in our soaring flight, against the wall  
“Of adamant that bounds our mental powers.  
“God, when he made us, clearly meant that ours  
“Should be a finite being. Should we strive  
“To soar beyond our strength, or reckless dive  
“To depths impossible, would it not be  
“To set at naught an understood decree

“Of the All-wise? Delightedly I view  
“Thy soul disporting within limits due,  
“And gathering knowledge, like the bee its sweets;  
“But oh! within the dizzy realms where meets  
“The lawful with unlawful, I have gazed  
“Trembling upon thy course as it has grazed  
“The fearful boundary; for, shouldst thou fall,  
“Then joy, and hope, and life itself, are all,  
“All lost to me.”

And then she twined her fair,  
Soft arms around his neck, and did declare,  
With purpose true, though scarcely to abide,  
That his firm hand her course should ever guide.

Upon her bed of new-plucked grass she lay  
Asleep; but in her fancy it was day,  
And she was in a shady grove, reclined  
As oft with cheek upon her hand, and mind  
Wrapped in mysterious thought; while coiled near by  
The serpent watched her with his glittering eye.  
Sudden, a roseate light around her spread  
As of illumined cloud; and there was shed

Delicious fragrance in the ambient air,  
As if an angel might be breathing there;  
And, in the midst, the serpent's form, upreared,  
With wondrous change, in manly shape appeared.  
A cloud-like robe of azure half concealed,  
And half his form magnificent, revealed.  
A wingèd glory o'er his person spread;  
Majestic beauty shone around his head;  
Benignant softness in each feature beamed,  
And thus he spake, while the sweet sleeper dreamed.

“Fairest and loveliest of all things that breathe  
“Within creation's bounds, whether beneath  
“In this fair earth, or in the worlds above,  
“Where I have dwelt and ruled:—it was my love  
“And boundless admiration at the sight  
“Of thy surpassing excellence, when bright  
“And beautiful thou first didst grace the earth,  
“That drew me from my home. To guard such worth,  
“Daily thy steps to watch, to be at hand  
“Ever to aid thee, I have left command  
“O'er subject millions, and a regal sway  
“Scarce second in the universe;—away

“ This form have put in which thou see’st me now,  
“ And ta’en the serpent’s shape. Upon thy brow  
“ Oft have I seen a shadow, cloud-like, flit  
“ Across its sunshine, and oft lingering sit  
“ For a brief space, cast, as it seemed to me,  
“ By some unanswered wish. Oh ! let it be  
“ My priceless privilege that wish to scan,  
“ And to fulfill. Thou wouldst stretch out the span  
“ Of thought ; wouldst measure every depth and height  
“ Of knowledge ; wouldst each mystery aright  
“ Resolve, and burst those bonds which jealous power  
“ Has cast around thy swelling soul. No more,  
“ Groveling on earth, shall thy bright spirit fold  
“ Its fettered wings. I will a yet untold  
“ Secret make known, of power to set thee free  
“ From these thy bonds. To-morrow thou wilt see,  
“ Ere yet the sun has reached mid-heaven, near by,  
“ My earthly form. Its guiding follow. Nigh  
“ Unto a tree, in a sequestered dell,  
“ It will conduct thee, to a spot whence well  
“ The fountain waters of the stream below.  
“ Eat of the fruit thereof, and thou wilt know

“The mystery of good and evil. Blind  
“Till now, thy eyes will open; thou wilt find  
“A world of knowledge spread before thy view,  
“Earth’s furthest bounds, and heaven’s vaulted blue,  
“And the whole spiritual empire of the true.”

He spoke, then vanished; and oblivion spread  
Her vail once more around that lowly bed.  
The slanting rays of roseate morning broke  
Upon the sleeper’s lids ere she awoke.  
She did not tell her dream. The husband sought,  
Beneath her gushing look of love, for naught  
That there might hidden lie. Forth in the morn  
They walked afield. Fresh, as if newly born,  
Creation smiled. Love and the lovely filled  
Their souls. The memory of her dream beguiled  
Her thoughts no more. A distant flower, unseen  
Till now, her eye arrested; o’er the green,  
With graceful step and soft, she ran to view  
Its nearer beauty. On a branch it grew  
Above her head; and vain the tempting prize  
She strove to reach; when, lo! before her eyes,



A gliding shape, familiar, up the tree  
Wound its swift way, and soon, victoriously,  
With coil around the branch, down-swaying brought  
The coveted blossom to her hand, then sought  
An humble posture at her feet. With awe  
And trembling joy, again the shape she saw  
Of the night's vision. Drawn, as in a trance  
Somnambulistic, did she the advance  
Obedient follow of the beckoning form,  
With throbbing pulse, unwinking eye, and warm  
Flush on her cheek; nor ceased the eager race  
Till she beheld, within a shaded place,  
Hard by a fount, as in her dream was told,  
The mystic tree, amid whose fruit of gold  
The tempter lay. "Touch not the fruit, but fly;  
"The day thou eat'st thereof thou'lt surely die."  
Thus said the still, small voice within. But, drowned  
In the wild surges of her breast, the sound  
Was faintly heard. A passionate desire  
Of the unknown, like a fierce liquid fire,  
Streamed through her veins. The boundless hope of  
power



For her soul's partner, whom, in the uproar  
As in the calm of passion, she did hold  
The larger portion of herself, made bold  
Her woman's heart. With memory of her dream  
Her reason whirled. Out of herself, 'twould seem,  
She seized the fruit, and ate. With sudden fear  
Smitten, she stood. Upon her startled ear  
A low, inalignant laugh of triumph fell,  
And rush of wings departing. From the dell  
With hesitating step, and downcast look,  
And cheek all blanched, and limbs that tremulous shook  
Like aspen-leaf, she turned to join her mate,  
Conscious of guilt.

But soon a firmer gait  
And brisker movement proved the poison's force.  
The living current danced a nimble course  
Through all its channels, making rosy-bright  
The pallid cheek, imparting joyous light  
To the dimmed eye, and from the troubled brain  
Sweeping away all consciousness of pain  
And dread of ill. Her soul elated swam  
In measureless delight. A gorgeous dream

Of unimagined realms around her spread.  
Her unchained spirit raised its soaring head  
Above the clouds, and in its giant arms  
The universe embraced. A world of charms  
Unknown before seemed opened to her sense,  
And in her mental grasp Omnipotence.  
Yet, in her wild delirium, one thought  
Was ever present :—"All to me is naught  
"Unless the partner of my life, my guide,  
"Shall more than share these glories by my side."

They met. One arm around his neck she threw,  
The other held the tempting fruit to view.  
"Eat, my beloved, and thou shalt be, as I,  
"Lapped in an inexpressible ecstasy."  
With mingled look of agony and love  
He gazed into her eyes ; then cast above  
One glance appealing to the throne divine :—  
"Lost ! but still loved," he said, "thy lot is mine.  
"Life without thee would be but woe till o'er,  
"And Paradise be Paradise no more."  
He ate : then strained her fiercely to his breast :—  
"Let the woe-tempest rage ! With thee, unblest

“ I am not utterly. Could I deny,  
“ O Lord, in her swift-coming misery,  
“ The shelter of these arms ? Thou gav’st me power  
“ Unequal to the task.” Alas ! the sore  
Mistake. Had he, like Abraham, obeyed  
With faith unquestioning, God would have made  
A path of safety ; and, though born on earth,  
Sin might have fled, or perished at her birth.

But, from the surging blackness of despair  
In which his soul had plunged, into free air  
It soon emerged, and, shaking from its wings  
The sweltering spray, soared with glad utterings  
Into empyreal rapture ; where the two,  
Poised between earth and heaven, held in view  
Creation’s bounds ; and, on ethereal throne,  
Ruled sov’reigns of the world, despotic and alone.  
A frenzied joy glared in their burning eyes,  
As rang their song of triumph through the skies.

## SONG OF ADAM AND EVE.

In an ocean of light we are bathing,  
On the wings of the wind we fly ;  
The clouds are our throne,  
Where we sit alone,  
And rule over earth and sky.

Oh ! the bright gorgeous streaming around us  
Of the many-hued tints of day ;  
Oh ! the ravishing strain  
That send forth amain  
The spheres in their gladsome way.

Lo ! creation lies open before us ;  
At a glance we the deeps explore  
Of thought and free-will,  
Of good and of ill,  
And of all that was dark before.

All alive is the universe, teeming  
With shapes in angelic array;  
And the glorious crowd  
Shout aloud, all aloud,  
Huzzah ! for our sov'reigns, huzzah !

Let us join with the glad swelling voices ;  
Let us join in the chorus sublime ;  
Huzzah and huzzah !  
Huzzah and huzzah !  
Huzzah ! for the sov'reigns of time.

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The closing words fell slowly and more slow ;  
The radiant eye grew dim ; the cheek's warm glow  
Faded away ; repose delicious stole  
O'er each corporeal function ; and the soul,  
Folding its wings, and cradled as on cloud  
Of slumb'rous softness, downward from its proud  
And dizzy height, like floating down in air,  
Gently subsided. O'er the unconscious pair  
Then slumber fell, at first soft, as a boon,  
Peopled with vague but pleasing fancies, soon

Dark, deathlike, and profound. The poisonous fruit  
Had done its work. Deep had the evil root  
Of sin been planted in their being ; changed  
Their nature all ; distorted and deranged  
God's image in their soul. 'Twas a new birth,  
That long, deep sleep, from Eden unto Earth.



## CHAPTER VI.

BUT the awakening ! Oh ! how portray  
The fearful dreariness of the first day  
Of sin. The aching want of conscious right ;  
The coward, yet vain, shrinking from the sight  
Of the All-seeing ; and the trembling dread  
Of ills they knew not what. O'er earth was spread  
The shroud of death. No Paradise was there.  
No longer were the elements, the air,  
Earth, water, fire, attempered to their need ;  
No longer did the living world give heed  
To every untold want. Henceforth was life  
The forced result of their own efforts. Strife  
Was now their law ; to conquer or to die  
Their fate.

At first the future to their eye

Seemed blackness all: but God was gracious still.  
Through the dark whelming atmosphere of ill,  
Soon the accustomed vision could discern  
Much that was good, demanding warm return  
Of thankfulness. Rest fanned the sweating brow  
Of toil. Each conquest shed delicious glow  
Of triumph through the soul. Disease and pain  
Bore a rich crop of ease, that seemed again  
To ope a glimpse of Eden. Not a day,  
So dark with dread of evil, but a ray  
Of hope shone through it. Every duty done,  
And every tempting sin resisted, won  
Proportioned joy. With beaming features smiled  
The beautiful in nature, and beguiled  
Full many a sadness. Still did grandeur dwell  
In dread magnificence, and the soul swell  
With trembling joy. As in material things  
Forth to the sense each chemic action brings  
A latent warmth, so did each exercise  
Of vital function, not undue, give rise  
To an attendant pleasure. What a flood  
Of innocent enjoyment, not withstood

By counter-current of excess, flowed in  
Through every avenue of sense. To win,  
Amid the toil, the sorrow, and the strife,  
And all the evils of that new-born life  
Unparadised, enough of joy to break  
The hardness of the fall, and e'en to make  
Existence still a blessing, there was need  
But to each inward prompting to give heed,  
With moderation due, and full assent  
Of conscience. For man's guidance doubtless lent  
Were all such promptings. They were the still voice  
Of God within, inviting to the choice  
Of good. Obedience was its own reward;  
And if, upon neglect, or slow regard,  
Or wild excess, proportioned suffering trod  
With step unfailing, 'twas the chastening rod  
Of a kind father, with design applied  
To warn from evil.

But, all these beside,  
Was yet one blessing, in itself the whole  
Surpassing—mutual love—the remnant sole  
Of their unfallen nature. 'Twas a part  
Of God within; for “God is love.” Their heart,

With evil darkened, by its diamond light  
Amid corruption undefiled, the night  
Of deep despair full often saw dispelled,  
And beamed with joy again. Often it welled  
Up in their souls, and o'er the sin-parched soil  
Spread out in fertilizing waves, to toil  
Of spiritual culture, yielding good  
In stintless measure.

Richly thus endowed,  
They unrepining bore their varied ills,  
And warmly thanked the Lord, bending their wills  
To His decree; though ever and anon,  
As e'en the purest of their race save one,  
Still sinning and repenting.

There was born  
A child. It came upon them like the morn  
Of a new day. Terror and agony  
Had brooded at its birth, by stern decree  
Of justice. Mercy now benignant shone.  
E'en the remembrance of past woes had flown  
Before the beaming joy. For rest too strong,  
The mother's transport sought relief in song.

## EVE'S SONG TO HER BABE.

Come, give me a kiss,  
Thou dear little bliss,  
Whom the Lord in His mercy has sent me;  
Come close to my breast,  
Here, here is thy nest,  
Oh! how thy sweet chirpings content me.

Yes! draw from thy fount;  
Each rill I can count,  
As it flows with a rapturous purling:  
What could I wish more,  
Than thus joyously pour  
My life into thine, oh! my darling.

Yes! close thy bright eyes;  
Not less do I prize  
The slumberous shade stealing o'er thee;  
Wert thou ever awake,  
My vision would ache,  
With the transport that glistens before thee.

Ah! wilt thou divide,  
With thy father, my pride,  
The lord of my life ere thy coming,  
The love which I bore,  
Unmingled before,  
And never believed could be roaming?

Or, sorrowful thought!  
Can thy father in aught  
Give to thee what belonged to thy mother?  
Will his love ever roam  
From me as its home,  
And seek joy in the heart of another?

But vain are these fears,  
And foolish these tears,—  
Thou art part of our being; united  
In thee we are one,—  
Thou art bone of our bone;  
With thee are we pained or delighted.



That beautiful smile !  
Those eyes without guile !  
Surely Heaven looks through them approving.  
Yes ! throw up thy arms,  
All dimpled with charms,  
And crow ever so sweet and so loving.

Lo ! father is near ;  
Take the darling, my dear ;  
In thy bosom we'll both nestle boldly.  
O God ! can I bear  
This transport ? oh spare  
The weakness that thanks thee so coldly !

---

The boy grew fast, and soon another came,  
The first-born, Cain ; the second did they name  
Abel ; and ever, as the years flew past,  
Brother or sister joined the fold, the last  
Always the dearest ; for it most did need  
Their love. But to the whole sufficing heed  
They gave ; and, with a firm but gentle hand,  
Led through the ways of life the swelling band.

The needful food and raiment to provide;  
The unskilled step to strengthen and to guide;  
To watch each sprouting thought, and bend aright  
Its early growth; the young aspiring flight  
Of fancy to encourage or restrain;  
Up to the first great cause the soul to train  
In faith undoubting, and obedience due,  
And grateful love; inward to turn their view  
In truthful search of His all-righteous will,  
As mirrored in their conscience; to instill  
Distrust of their own strength, and everywhere,  
And at all times, the wish to seek in prayer  
A refuge from their weakness; such their aim:  
But good intent to execution came  
Not always. Oft their feebleness of will  
Stumbled before some worldly care or ill,  
Brought on them by the fall; sometime their soul,  
In whelming sorrow merged, lost all control  
Of its own way; and, tempest-tossed, the pair  
Floated amid the surges of despair  
In wild abandonment; and oft, again,  
When most they strove, they found, alas! 'twas vain

From the young soul the noxious growth to tear,  
Sprung from the seeds of their own planting there.

They grew to manhood, those two elder-born,  
In corporal beauty wondrous—as adorn  
Ever the fairest fruits the fresh young tree  
In its first bearing—graceful, too, and free  
In every movement; in their being whole  
Radiant with the out-shinings of a soul,  
Which, looking forth into the world, beheld  
The battle-field of life, and proudly swelled  
With conscious power to conquer, and the will  
Their earth-subduing mission to fulfill.

Though gifted thus, yet how unlike the twain!  
In height and amplitude of form did Cain  
His brother far exceed. Thick-curled and close  
His raven locks. His ample forehead rose  
Beetling aloft. Beneath his brow, arched-high,  
Gleamed the dark flashes of an eagle eye.  
Brown-hued his face, and smooth as ivory where  
Left unadorned by its dark wealth of hair.  
Beauty and grandeur, short but of divine,  
Blended harmoniously in the outline

Of his high features. Giant-like his form,  
Yet well-proportioned, fit the fiercest storm  
Of nature to defy, to win the race  
Of swiftness, or to move with easy grace  
In mazes of the dance. And o'er him, flung  
In graceful folds, a hairy vesture hung,  
Torn from the lordly monarch of the wood  
And desert wild, by his own hand subdued.  
His, too, a soul of mingled strength and fire;  
High-reaching thought, the daring and desire  
To cleave the mist of intellect, and soar  
Into th' empyrean, or upon the shore  
Of the dark infinite alone to stand,  
And throw himself, in search of some bright strand,  
Into the surging blackness. Him no fear  
Had ever chilled. Ambition that could bear  
No equal, self-reliance proud, and stern  
Endurance, all were his. And he could turn  
To softer thoughts. He had a heart to feel  
Another's woe. Oft would compassion steal  
Into his fiery breast, and quench the flame  
Of some fierce passion; often gushing came

Up from his spirit's depth a genial flow  
Of love of kindred ; often did the glow  
Of generous deed with lambent sweetness play  
O'er his stern thoughts. Deep, too, a spark there lay  
In his most inmost breast, which yet to light  
Had never come ; but instantaneous might,  
By an electric flash from beauty's eye,  
Or touch of a magnetic sympathy,  
Be kindled into love ; and as it met,  
Or did not meet response, might prove a sweet  
And hallowing tenant of the soul, or fire  
Fierce and consuming of a vengeful ire.

His was the task, by skill alike and toil,  
To force a harvest from the stubborn soil.  
But dearer far the chase. The beast of prey,  
By subtle wiles to conquer, or to slay  
By strength of arm ; the crouching tiger's leap  
To ambush ; on the lion's path to creep,  
And with the knotted club to lay him low ;  
From the blind charge of the huge buffalo  
And fierce rhinoceros to start aside ;  
And as they onward rushed with crushing stride,



To pierce them with his spear ; upon the fleet  
Wild steed asleep to steal, and with firm seat  
His panting sides with dauntless knee to press,  
And his fierce struggles force to gentleness ;  
These his delights.

But oft upon his brow  
Sat cloudy discontent ; often the glow  
Of angry passion burned upon his cheek  
And in his flashing eye ; and oft did break  
Deep sighs of suffering upon his swelling breast,  
By conscience troubled, and by guilt oppressed.  
For there were mysteries which the power defied  
Of his fierce-struggling intellect ; denied  
To all his wild aspirings was access  
To many a hidden problem ; the distress  
Of mortified ambition clung to each  
Defeated struggle the unknown to reach  
With his high grasp. Nor could he always bend  
The thoughts and deeds of others to the end  
Of his despotic will ; and on his path,  
Thus crossed, sprang evil thoughts, a fiery wrath,



And vengeful spirit, which full often led  
To fearful words and deeds, that on the head  
Of their own author back would ever fall  
In violent recoil. But, midst them all,  
One pure affection, with no taint of ill—  
Love of his mother—did his bosom thrill ;  
For he remembered well how many a grief,  
How many a childish pain had sought relief  
Upon that breast, for him a sacred fane,  
Or in those arms, and never sought in vain :  
And she had ne'er opposed, from early years,  
A stern will to his own, but only tears,  
When that will led to wrong. Oh ! he had been  
From birth a part of her own being. Keen  
Her feeling of each want, each joy, each woe ;  
With his the current of her life did flow  
In sad or joyous unison ; but when  
He grew to manhood, far beyond her ken,  
There was a deepening depth within his soul,  
Which gave a mystery to his nature whole,  
And in his features, startled, she beheld  
Often the likeness of her dream. Repelled,

And yet close-drawn, by love's unsevered tie,  
She felt a mingling strange of misery,  
And joy, and dread of ill, and recognized,  
Now in its horrid features undisguised,  
The fearfulness of sin, which thus had spread  
Its foul infection to that dearest head,  
And still, in ever-widening circles, o'er  
The future would extend till time should be no more.

The younger brother, though of grandeur less  
In form and feature, did not yet possess  
Inferior beauty. His luxuriant hair,  
Of auburn hue, down to his shoulders fair,  
In wavy luster fell. His eyes of blue  
Cerulean, from their depths looked forth as true,  
Pure, and serene, as heaven's azure. Face  
More beauteous ne'er could artist's pencil trace,  
Or graver fashion out of Parian stone.  
To soul of Grecian sculptor, such alone,  
In dream revealed, came from the plastic hand  
Forth as divine Apollo, to command  
The worship of his age, and through all time  
The wonder of the world. Calmly sublime

The dignity that on his features sate  
In their repose ; but when with joy elate,  
By hope or love enkindled, or by soft  
Compassion moved, or wrapt in thought as oft,  
They seemed almost to speak, so crystalline  
Their clearness. Through them did the soul outshine  
In all its depth and sweetness ; nor did e'er  
A movement fierce or turbulent appear ;  
For in the inner being was no fount  
Of evil. He had early striven to mount  
Up to the throne of grace, whenever sin  
Had tempted from without, or stirred within,  
And thus had learned to conquer in the strength  
Of the All-powerful ; till the fall at length  
Had ceased for him ; and on the earth he trod  
Peaceful and sinless, as a child of God.

His was the charge the flock to lead afield,  
Their feebleness from savage beast to shield,  
And gather nightly to a safe repose ;  
His, too, at opening morn and evening's close,  
To aid the growing band of youth to train  
In manly virtue, gently to sustain

Obedience due to the parental will,  
By precept and example to instill  
A reverence for God, and to impart  
“Knowledge to fill the mind and mend the heart.”

In the oft leisure of his pastoral care,  
Some manual art he practiced ; to prepare  
Fit implements of tillage or the chase,  
Or ozier twigs in shapes to interlace  
Of usefulness ; and, when the waning day  
Summoned him homeward, on his flowery way,  
With dainty choice to pluck the floral gems,  
And weave them into graceful diadems  
For the loved brow ; or, with a tasteful hand,  
Their varied beauty in a group to band  
Harmonious, hoping, with a rapture high,  
On the loved bosom to behold it lie,  
Ambassadress from heart to heart.

The charms

Of nature, too, he loved ; and in her arms  
Would often lie entranced, each sense absorbed  
In joy ecstatic, like the moon, full orbéd,

In intellectual night. But he would rise  
Oft from these dreams into the clearer skies  
Of thought; and each created thing around,  
Obvious to sense, whether of sight or sound,  
Tact, taste, or smell, with eagerness of chase,  
Would strive along the chain of cause to trace  
Up to the great original. Again,  
Spurning the concrete, he would dive amain  
Into the billowy abstract, searching there  
The spirit's depth, and its allotted share  
In the world's scheme; the nature and intent  
Of matter; the whole mystery of man;  
The secret cord that in one mighty plan  
Binds all creation; the relations 'tween  
Existences, of lower grades to men,  
Of man to man, and most important far,  
Of man to his Creator. But a star,  
Fixed as the sailor's firmamental guide,  
Did in his mental wanderings ever bide;  
And with his eyes thereto in steady gaze  
Directed, he could safely through the maze,

Else wildering, steer. It was the light within  
God-sent. While this upon his course did shine  
Undimmed, he felt secure; but when its ray  
Beclouded seemed, with quick resolve his way  
Was checked, and back he steered, with sails all bent,  
To the safe port of self-distrust, content  
To know his own powers bounded, and to feel  
That all was ordered for the common weal.



## CHAPTER VII.

THE brothers met; 'twas on a hill-side, whence  
Oft o'er the nearer mead, and forest dense  
Spreading afar, the shepherd's eye now sought  
His fleecy charge below, and now, love-taught,  
Traced through the wooded vale along the brook  
The path which every day the loved one took  
When from their home she came, and with him shared  
The frugal meal by her own hands prepared.

Abel began: "My dearest brother, why  
" That brow beclouded, that tempestuous eye?  
" Give the storm way; 'twill clear the murky soul  
" And let the sunlight in."

"Beyond control  
" Of mine," he answered, "is this fearful gloom  
" That quite enwraps me. Can it be a doom

“That rests upon my soul? With eager haste,  
“And firm resolve, each pleasure I have chased,  
“Each wish indulged, and from my path have swept  
“All scruples; for in vain my mother wept,  
“My father frowned, remonstrance sadly beamed  
“From that mild eye of thine, which never gleamed  
“With wrath or scorn, however much deserved.  
“Never, thou knowest well, have I e’er swerved  
“A hair’s-breadth from my will, unless through force  
“Still stronger than my own. Fear and remorse  
“Were empty words. The first I never knew;  
“The other could not be, if it were true,  
“As I believed, that for each man the law  
“Is his own nature. Yet I cannot draw  
“My wonted pleasure from this source. No joy  
“Now waits on ends attained. All pleasures cloy;  
“But equal still the pain of will denied.  
“Fate, therefore, goads me on; compelled to ride  
“With furious haste the steed of my desires,  
“Yet hopeless of the future; all the fires  
“Of my fierce nature raging unconfined,  
“And, except ashes, leaving naught behind.

“Is it, then, strange, my countenance should bear

“The outward signal of the soul’s despair?”

“Such, oh! my brother, is the end of sin.

“To break the law that God himself within

“The soul has stamped, breeds ever-ceaseless woe.

“The tempting joy is but a fitful glow

“That pales and pales, till, oft renewed, it fades

“To naught at last; while the close following shades

“Deepen and deepen into blackness all.

“One only hope remains: on God to call,

“Humbly repentant, at his feet to lay

“All selfishness and pride of will, and pray

“Sincere for pardon and for strength.”

“Nay! Nay!

“This is all cant—mere cobwebs of the brain,

“Spun in thy idle hours. I cannot feign

“Unfelt repentance. I have never sinned.

“There is no sin. To sin implies a mind

“Free in its choice. Inexorable fate

“Rules all. To speak of free will is to prate

“Of a mere shadow. Man can but obey

“All-powerful motive. He can no more stray

“ From its straight line of impulse than the stream  
“ Or tempest from its course. If evil seem  
“ To come therefrom, how more is he to blame  
“ Who thus is driven, than the devouring flame,  
“ Or riving thunderbolt? Necessity  
“ Is the omnipotent. Or, grant there be,  
“ As thou believest, and our parents preach,  
“ A God supreme, whose powers unbounded reach  
“ Throughout all space and time; by whom we are;  
“ To whom our thoughts and deeds are all as clear,  
“ Present and future, as the sunlit scene;  
“ Then, surely, must these thoughts and deeds have been  
“ Predestined, and our will the instrument,  
“ Conscious, yet forced, of the Divine intent.  
“ In either case, our deeds, whether of fate  
“ Or will supreme, however wide and great  
“ Resulting evil, are of truth not ours;  
“ And guilt is but a name. Hence to the powers  
“ Which govern, not to me, their tool, refer  
“ Whate’er, in thy pure sight, my life may blur.”  
“ Alas! alas! that the poor, feeble worm,  
“ Whom God has gifted with a shadowy form

“Of his own reason, should thus reckless dare  
“To abuse the gift, and as a weapon bare,  
“Draw it upon his Maker. And how weak  
“The blow! yet strong the shattering hand to break  
“In its recoil. Oh! fearful self-conceit;  
“That with its feeble reasoning dares compete  
“With the All-knowing. Happily the will  
“By sophistry can ne’er be fettered. Still  
“Its freedom stands secure, an attribute  
“Of God, and as His gift, of man; the root  
“Of our best hopes. Thou say’st that motives sway  
“Each act of will, and we do but obey  
“Their power resistless. Then the same is true  
“Of the Almighty. Bring to mental view  
“The time ere worlds were made, when God alone  
“In being was, the sole, All-powerful One.  
“Was He not free to act or not to act  
“According to His will? Yet when, in fact,  
“He made the world, was the deed undesigned?  
“Without a motive? Surely, none so blind  
“As not to see that coexistent here  
“Were motive and free will; and if so, e’er,



- “Then now; if so with the Creator, then  
“With man. Besides, is it not true that when  
“A deed is motiveless, it must of course  
“The offspring be of some extraneous force?  
“That want of motive cannot but imply  
“Absence of choice; a pure necessity  
“Upon the doer? Is it not then clear,  
“If motive do exist, it cannot bear  
“The same construction? This would be to make  
“Presence and absence one; the law to break  
“That contradictions cannot both be true.  
“Hence motives are not force. Free to pursue,  
“So far as they may influence, is each will  
“Its course unfettered or to good or ill.  
“Foresight in the Almighty, thou hast said,  
“Implies predestination, which is wed  
“By ties indissoluble to a bound  
“And enslaved will. But may not this be found  
“Illusive reasoning? Let us try its force,  
“And learn if error lie not in its course.  
“When God resolved a being to create  
“In his own image, with free will to mate



“ His own in kind, though limited in range,  
“ Would it be deemed impossible, e’en strange,  
“ That He should so far abrogate His power  
“ Of foresight, as to leave unseen, ignore  
“ Each deed ere done? Yet would the deed have been  
“ Other, thereby, in aught, than if foreseen?  
“ Most surely not. Then, clearly, to foreknow  
“ Is not to predetermine; and foresight  
“ Of God cannot an argument, aright,  
“ Against the freedom of the will be deemed.”  
“ Admitting this; granting all thou hast dreamed  
“ To be reality; yet how escape,  
“ Howe’er its course thy devious reason shape,  
“ The stubborn truth, that, if the work we are  
“ Of an all-powerful One, ’tis He must bear  
“ The evil of our deeds? I did not choose  
“ To live. ’Twas not allowed me to refuse  
“ The gift of being. How can justice then  
“ Hold me to answer for its fruits? If men,  
“ With ample knowledge of the good and ill  
“ Of life, might choose, with an unbiased will,

“ To take the gift, and to its laws declare  
“ Obedience due, then might they justly bear  
“ The burden of their sins ; but I disclaim  
“ All such responsibility ; and blame,  
“ If blame there be in aught I do, or leave  
“ Undone, must to that power resistless cleave  
“ Which made me as I am. Then tell me not  
“ Of sin, nor chide, nor bid repent. My lot,  
“ If it be still to suffer, I will strive  
“ To bear as best I may ; and, when to live  
“ Becomes unbearable, I’ve but to drive  
“ Home to my heart this spear, so often dyed  
“ With life-blood of the brute.”

“ Oh ! fearful pride ;  
“ Oh ! woeful void of truth ; oh ! heart of stone ;  
“ What can for this dread blasphemy atone ?  
“ Pardon, my God, the grievous sin, and pour  
“ Light in the dark abyss. Melt, I implore,  
“ With radiant goodness this obdurate soul.  
“ Teach it how first Thy kindness gave control  
“ Of his own course to man, that, being free,  
“ He might by virtue win rewards, to be

“ From no source else derived. The brute can ne’er  
“ Such joy experience, being but a mere  
“ Blind slave of instinct. Yet he cannot know  
“ The sufferings of sin, which ever flow  
“ To man from disobedience to the law  
“ In his own conscience registered. Wouldst draw,  
“ My brother, from this truth, the inference,  
“ That brutal nature, synonym of sense,  
“ Should be preferred to ours? Would’st thou not shrink  
“ With shivering horror, as if on the brink  
“ Of fearful precipice, from a decree  
“ That should to noblest beast of land or sea  
“ Degrade thee? Surely, then, thou canst not bring  
“ As charge against thy God, that very thing,  
“ The gift of conscience and free will, by which  
“ We rise above the brute? Thus to be rich  
“ Beyond all creatures else, should be a source  
“ Of boundless gratitude. Along the course  
“ Of life, what ceaseless pleasures from the soil  
“ Of conscience duly cultured spring! No toil  
“ So well repays. Both sense and passion pale  
“ Before its glow. Comparatively fail

“E’en taste and intellect in their reward.  
“But that the right such pleasure may afford,  
“And in the same degree, must wrong give pain.  
“We have the choice. ’Tis folly to complain,  
“If we prefer the latter and its fruits.  
“’Tis sacrilege to take from God what suits  
“Ourselves, and then upon Him dare to throw  
“Our evil deeds. But, if thus to bestow  
“The choice of good or ill, our gratitude  
“Profound demands, how measureless the flood  
“Of thankfulness and reverent love that through  
“Our humbled souls should sweep, if it be true,  
“As God himself has taught me, that awaits  
“Upon the contrite soul, which in its straits  
“Appeals repentant at the mercy-seat,  
“Joyful forgiveness. Oh! my brother, meet  
“This message of paternal love; throw down  
“The burden of thy sins. Relax that frown  
“Upon thy brow; and let thy softened face  
“Reflect the beauty of accepted grace.”

Whether by force of reason moved, or by  
Fraternal kindness, or the loud cry

Of conscience wakened ; or that, in the change  
Of his uncertain moods, within the range  
Of hope his soul had risen again, his eye  
Swam in unwonted softness, a deep sigh  
Relieved his burdened chest, and though no word  
Of altered thought, or sin confessed, was heard,  
Yet with a friendly look he bade farewell,  
And with slow steps retreated down the dell  
Toward their common home. Upon the way,  
Within the lonely wood, where the path lay  
Beside the brook, sat Miriam, on a bank  
Moss-covered. She was caroling ; and sank  
Deep in the heart of Cain the out-poured song,  
As, yet unseen, he came the winding path along.

## MIRIAM'S SONG.

Oh ! where is it gone to, that sisterly love,  
That gave to my spirit the wings of the dove,  
As it flew to the arms of my brother ?



And what is this feeling which now fills my soul  
With tremblings and faintings beyond my control,  
Yet is sweeter, how far ! than the other ?

Though eager to meet him, I am fearful to go ;  
My heart is in haste, but my footsteps are slow ;  
Oh ! what means this new-born emotion ?  
Of his presence so loved does fear make me shy ?  
Is it sorrow brings forth this tear and this sigh ?  
Oh ! no ; the ridiculous notion !

Why beats my fond heart at his nearer approach ?  
Why thrills to my bosom his hand's gentlest touch ?  
Why droop my weak eyes at his gazing ?  
When in kindest tones my regard he bespeaks,  
Why rushes the blood to my tale-telling cheeks ?  
Oh ! is not this very amazing ?

I will go to him now, with his meal on my arm ;  
Perhaps he may tell me what means this alarm ;  
Though, sure, I can question him never.



What joy it will be, should he claim me as his,  
And whisper me, binding his word with a kiss,  
We'll be one forever and ever !

---

She rose to go, and saw before her Cain,  
With features wrung, as though an arrowy pain  
Had darted through his heart. Fierce, too, there glared  
Wrath in his eyes. He spake :—

“And hast thou dared

“That heart, which I had chosen, to bestow

“Upon another? True, in words to know

“My wish I have not given thee; but my eyes,

“Have they not spoken? Has my face the guise

“Of loving softness worn except for thee?

“Has not my spirit bent, as on the knee,

“To thee alone? Have not the fairest fruits

“Of my own culture, and the sweetest roots

“And flowers been ever at thy choice? And this

“Thy beauteous vesture, lustrous as it is

“With all the tints which beautify the wild  
“And nimble creatures of the air, the field,  
“The wood, was it not fashioned from the spoils  
“Of my own winning? Ah! while in the toils  
“Of tillage and the chase, how have I cheered  
“My wearied spirit, how was e’en endeared  
“Each struggle, by the thought that with thy smile  
“It would rewarded be. Alas! meanwhile,  
“Thy truant heart has sought another shrine,  
“And, save hope’s ashes, naught remains for mine.”

Softened, he felt a tear unwonted steal  
Upon his cheek; but angry thus to feel  
His weakness, the intruder he did shake  
From his stern face, and into fierce words brake:—

“Go! But think not my will to bring to naught.  
“Instant, I seek our parents, fully fraught  
“With purpose, ever changeless to abide,  
“That, loving or unloving, thou shalt be my bride.”

The startled girl sprang onward at his word,  
Like timid hind, that, parted from the herd,  
Had met a lion’s roar; nor less in form  
And movement graceful. In her cheek the warm

Blood glowed; and, when she panting reached her goal,  
And fell into her shepherd's arms, her soul  
Lay in a calm security; its fear  
Of the beloved one quelled by the more near  
Alarm, and this by her great trusting love  
Quite swallowed up. Down from the face above  
Beamed rapturous joy; and their eyes, meeting, vowed  
Eternal union. Happy pair! endowed  
With all that charms exterior could bestow,  
And inner virtues, to each other so  
Attuned, that, though in strain of varied key,  
Conjoined, they formed a perfect harmony.

“My darling Miriam! words cannot express  
“The deep, immeasurable tenderness  
“That fills and swells my bosom. Until now  
“I scarce have lived. It seems that hitherto  
“My life has been a motionless abyss,  
“Vacant of feeling; now, how full of bliss!”

Softly she answer'd, “I am blest beyond  
“All hope. My soul to thine responds in fond  
“Obedient unison. I am in thee  
“Wholly absorbed; my own identity

“Quit! ost in thine. Come weal, come woe; befall  
“What may, if shared with thee, it will be all,  
“All pure delight. Sure, earth is Eden now,  
“And e’en the Lord can nothing more bestow.”

In their hearts, teeming with ecstatic joy,  
There was no room for fear; naught could annoy.  
Cain was forgotten. But, meanwhile, a scene,  
Big with their fate, was passing. ’Twas between  
Father and son, in presence of the wife  
And mother; and it was a scene of strife.

## CHAPTER VIII.

“I come,” said Cain, “to claim, as elder born,  
“Thy daughter Miriam. My bride I’ve sworn  
“That she must be, earned by my fervent love  
“And countless services. Oh ! then approve,  
“And grant my suit.”

The father in a voice  
Calm but determined, said :—“I should rejoice  
“To crown thy wishes, hoping to restrain  
“Thy nature fierce by marriage bonds ; but vain  
“Is such a hope. She has no heart for thee.  
“I and her mother, watchful of her free  
“And guileless thoughts, have oft with vision keen,  
“As in the mirror of our own life, seen  
“The love which, with indissoluble tie,  
“Binds her to Abel ; and with this can vie

“No other claim. Whom nature thus has joined  
“Man must not sunder. Both as yet are blind  
“To their absorbing passion, thinking such  
“As erst their bond of union; but a touch  
“May ope their mental vision, and reveal  
“Their bosom’s habitant. With this to deal  
“As with a changing fancy would be vain.  
“By force to drag it forth would be to drain  
“The life-blood of the heart. So does it fill  
“Their whole interior being with its still  
“Yet all-pervading force, that, were it lost,  
“The void would deadly be. At such a cost  
“Thou wilt not press thy suit.”

“For me the guide  
“Is my own will. This must not be denied;  
“Or, if a struggle come, then he must win  
“Who has the strongest arm, and firmest soul within.”  
“Proud boy! this headstrong spirit thou must learn  
“To curb. Too long all human law to spurn,  
“And e’en divine, by our indulgence weak,  
“Has been allowed thee. It is time to speak



“In firmer tone. Yield then to my behest.  
“With an unanswering wish in Miriam’s breast,  
“’Twould incest be to join her fate with thine.  
“Seek then some other love, which may entwine  
“Happy and guiltless with thy own, and form  
“A life-long union, steadfast ’gainst the storm  
“Of chance or passion.”

Fiercely answered Cain :—

“What *power* or *right* hast thou thus to restrain  
“My wishes? Am I not a full-grown man,  
“With strength not less than thine? Deign but to scan  
“These sinewy limbs, this labor-hardened frame,  
“And say if I may not at least lay claim  
“To equal force. And whence thy *right* to sway  
“My feelings or my conduct? Thou mayest say  
“I owe my life to thee. Mere empty sound!  
“Was it for my sake thou begat me? Bound  
“Can no one be by act to which his will  
“Gave not assent. Of late, on yonder hill,  
“A young but full-grown lion I beheld  
“In deadly combat with his sire, compelled

“By his fierce passions. Nature knows no law

“Of filial obedience, save the awe

“Of weakness before power. I spurn the bond.”

“These bitter words, my son, do not respond

“To the existing question. To control

“Thy acts, so far as thou thyself the sole

“Subject may be, I do not claim. Advice,

“Remonstrance, warning; these do but suffice

“My duty as a parent to fulfill.

“They are the voice of sorrow for each ill,

“Of love, and hope, and deep solicitude

“For my first-born. But now that thou hast stood

“For years in ripened manhood, no demand

“I make on thy obedience. Thy own hand

“Must guide thy course, and thy own conscience be

“Thy judge—to God responsible. But free

“Thou art not, in thy reckless course, to cross

“The bounds of self, and harm inflict or loss

“Upon thy neighbor. Every one, though weak,

“Perchance, in presence of thy strength, though meek

“And unresisting, has a claim not less

“Imperious than thine to happiness;

“And, if from thee impediment he find,  
“ May claim protection from the strength combined  
“ Of all. In this young world necessity,  
“ Common consent, and God’s own will agree,  
“ In giving me, who am the natural head  
“ As common father, unrestricted lead  
“ And rulership ; the common rights to guard,  
“ Harm from the weak and innocent to ward,  
“ The violent to curb, ill-doers judge  
“ And even punish ; wielding without grudge  
“ Or favour, for the general weal, the force  
“ Committed to me. But, I trust, our course  
“ May not conduct us to this dread resort.”

Though anger prompted to a stern retort,  
Quite unrestrained by fear, which never found  
An entrance to the soul of Cain, so sound  
Was every link of thought, so calmly mild  
The voice, so sweetly at the last hope smiled  
On the majestic features, that a change  
Came o’er the soul rebellious ; and a strange  
Mingling of love, respect, and will not yet  
Subdued, and ruffled pride, in his face met.

But evil conquered ; and, though naught was said,  
Stubborn resolve a gloomy sternness spread  
Over his brow. The mother saw with dread  
The gathering blackness, and, with wild alarms  
Of coming storm, fell fainting in his arms  
Outstretched for her support. The lifeless form  
Melted his hardened heart. Instead of storm,  
With lightning's flash, and furious thunder's roar,  
Laden with love there fell a genial shower  
Of soft repentance ; and her opening eyes  
Beheld with joy the rainbow in the skies.

#### A SONG OF EVE.

There was raging of tempest and thunder before me,  
And flashes of lightning all crimsoned with gore,  
And the sin of my youth with its cruel beak tore me,  
Its talons deep fixed in my heart's inmost core.

And the sound of the torments of millions came roaring  
From out of the depths of the future afar ;  
And a torrent of blood on my vision came pouring,  
To sin offered up by my offspring at war.

It is thus, screeched the fury, shall spread thy back-  
sliding;

The son of thy bosom shall strike the first blow,  
And the blood of thy husband shall bear the sad tiding,  
The first fearful drop to an ocean of woe.

From the horror my soul sank in darkness, astounded,  
And sense refuge sought in the shadow of death;  
Had the vision been real, the last word had sounded  
For me upon earth, and life flown with my breath.

But awaking, once more oped my eyes upon Eden,  
The bright sun of peace had arisen again,  
The dark night of sorrow had fled, and my seed on  
The purified earth shall in harmony reign.

---

Abel and Miriam, with assent of Cain,  
Wrung by maternal tears, though yet the pain  
Of witnessing their loves he would not bear,  
Were joined in holy union; and a pair  
More happy, or deserving happiness,  
Ne'er lived on earth. She was in form the express



Maternal image, though in mental scope  
Perchance more limited; yet could she cope  
Full with Eve in all true womanly traits:  
In trusting love that ne'er through life abates,  
In sweetness, gentleness, compassion soft,  
Nice taste, and nimble fancy, that, too oft,  
Unguided, leads from truth. But she had now  
Affixed her weakness, by a heartfelt vow,  
To Abel's stronger soul, with which hers grew  
Daily in semblance, till at length the two  
Became as one in thought and feeling; both  
Self-diffident, and seeking strength and growth  
In virtue, through communion with, and aid  
From God, reposing child-like in the shade  
Of His parental love, with naught to make afraid.



## CHAPTER IX.

CAIN was alone, deep in the forest shade,  
Whither his footsteps had unconscious strayed,  
As if the scene in harmony to bring  
With his dark thoughts, which now upon the wing  
Of speculation soared ; and thus their course.

“Oh, yes! there is a God, effectual source  
“Of things. Around me everywhere I see  
“Design; there must, then, a designer be;  
“In all things, too, however much diverse,  
“Within the known bounds of the universe,  
“There is adaptedness, a joining nice  
“Of part to part, making the whole device  
“One giant body. By a vision keen  
“Analogies, resemblances, are seen  
“Pervading nature, on which fancy loves  
“To dwell, and whose existence plainly proves

“That all things have from one conception sprung;  
“Hence God, or by whatever name the tongue  
“This primal influence may designate,  
“First Cause, Creator, Ruler, Lord, or Fate,  
“Is one. In the late origin of man,  
“For sure it is no human being can  
“Have breathed before my father; there is proof  
“For incredulity itself enough,  
“That such a power exists. In reason’s eye,  
“The simple truth, that, in each faculty,  
“Susceptibility, endowment, part,  
“Man has been fitted with most exquisite art  
“To pre-existing things, evinces that  
“The cause of all things else, also begat  
“Ourselves. Thus far my faith runs in accord  
“With the parental teaching. In a word,  
“There is a God, and one alone. But here,  
“I and my father, whom, though I revere,  
“I cannot recognize as in the least  
“The ruler of my thoughts, part far as East  
“And West asunder. His the creed, sincere,  
“That God speaks in us, teaching us to steer

“Arigh<sup>t</sup> our life-course, and, if we obey  
“His voice, rewards with peace ; but, if we stray,  
“With mental pains chastises, with design  
“Back from our evil ways to turn us. Mine  
“The firm belief, that God with us but deals  
“As with His lower creatures. Each one feels  
“As his peculiar nature calls, and acts  
“Accordant with the impulse. Nature lacks  
“All other laws. I, therefore, needs must yield  
“To my own will and wants. If in the field  
“Of past experience I search, or scan  
“The present, nowhere proof sufficient can  
“I find of these low whisperings of God  
“Within, or recognize the chastening rod  
“Of His parental care. True, there oft come  
“Impressions as of right or wrong, and some,  
“Nay torturing pain, as though of guilt the fruit ;  
“But these are out-growths from the evil root,  
“By false instruction planted in the soft  
“And yielding soil of youth. And oh ! how oft,  
“While writhing thus beneath fantastic woe,  
“I have been tempted fiercely back to throw

“Curses upon its author. I oppose  
“Experience, therefore, which no equal knows  
“In weight of evidence, to the mere word  
“Paternal, or subservient accord  
“Of the obsequious Abel, claiming near  
“Communion with their God. To me appear  
“These claims, pretentious errors of a warm  
“Deceitful fancy, leading but to harm.”

Thus, with thoughts fraudulent, all but self-confessed,  
Strove Cain to crush the uprisings in his breast  
Of a subjected conscience. Not confined  
To him alone this sophistry. The mind  
Rebellious has in it full often sought  
Support against the truth revealed, and fought  
Its own insurgent fears. Experience  
Opposed to miracle. Such the pretense  
Of this famed argument. But let us see  
If need of revelation may not be  
On soundest reason based. Man's future fate,  
Whether annihilation, or a state  
Of merited reward for life well-spent,  
Or for sins unatoned a punishment,

Is to the unaided mind a mystery  
Unsearchable. At most, we can but see  
A mist, with faintly glimmering lights afar,  
But naught to serve us as a guiding star  
In voyage of life. Yet, how unspeakable  
The value of such knowledge to our weal  
May be, for endless time ! If it be true,  
That, in a long, long future, man will rue,  
With fearful pangs, the sins of life, how vast  
His need of knowledge ! Yet in vain the past  
He searches, and the present, for a clew.  
How needful, then ! how just ! that God should do  
What cannot else be done ; should either light  
Pour forth into the conscious soul, so bright  
That only eye self-darkened cannot see ;  
Or to the world declare the mystery  
Through mouth of prophet, showing wondrous deed,  
Which could alone from will of God proceed,  
As his credential. From the heavens a light  
Within, or deed miraculous, the right  
Would, therefore, seem of man, left, otherwise,  
Darkly to grope, with nature's purblind eyes,

Through realms mysterious, where to go astray  
Might lead to death eternal.

Cain a ray

Of this supernal light, which to bright day,  
If cherished, might have grown, in early youth  
Had oft experienced; but he had the truth  
So quenched with gusts of passionate will, and e'en  
Of purpose closed his eyes against it, when  
Opposed to his desires, that now it came  
With feeble glimmerings, scarce of light the name  
Deserving, yet at times sufficient still  
To give him glimpses of that gulf of ill  
Which near him, in its yawning blackness, stood,  
Threatening to swallow up all that remained of good.

Abel was in his thoughts; and the dark frown  
Gathered more darkly; for he was adown  
The evil path descending, where await  
Envy, and jealousy, and vengeful hate  
The incautious soul, ready with eager haste  
To seize on its strongholds, and make a waste  
Of all its beauteous places.



“ Once I loved,”

So ran his turbid thoughts, “my brother, moved  
“ Thereto by nature’s drawing, and not less  
“ By the true or deep-seeming tenderness  
“ And prompt obedience of his love for me,  
“ The elder and the stronger. On the knee  
“ His spirit ever seemed to bend to mine  
“ In heartfelt yieldingness, content to shine  
“ In my superior light, except when claim  
“ Of fancied duty called, whose very name  
“ Was e’er with him all-potent. But, of late,  
“ His soul has risen to a loftier state  
“ Of self-complacency, from which he dares  
“ Look down upon me, nor e’en chiding spares  
“ When my ways do not square with his. ’Tis true,  
“ His tone is that of brother’s love ; his view  
“ Ostensible, to lift me to the truth  
“ In which he sits enthroned, and which, forsooth,  
“ He wills to share with me ! But I disown  
“ His claims. I can and will not, on the throne  
“ Of my supremacy, a rival bear,  
“ Much less accept his proffered hand to rear

“My humble state. Then, by his tortuous ways,  
“His mean subservience, his affected praise,  
“His semblance of deep interest and love  
“That each one’s pleasure seemingly above  
“His own would place, but doubtless with intent  
“To rule through the affections, he has bent  
“The hearts of all to his own wishes, and  
“From me has turned them, the whole kindred band ;  
“And Miriam, too, the sweetest flower of all,  
“Whom I had chosen with the hope to call  
“My own, he tore deep-rooted from my heart  
“To plant in his. E’en yet I feel the smart  
“Unsoftened of the wound. This is the crime  
“Not to be pardoned ; and, as chance or time  
“Can ne’er repair the wrong, so on its track  
“Will thwarted hope, hate, vengeance, like a pack  
“Of yelling wolves pursue. Look to thy ways,  
“My brother ! Guard thy steps ! One of these days  
“There may a fearful thing befall.”

Around

He threw a furtive glance, as if the sound

Of his own thoughts, perchance, on listening ear  
Had fallen, and the look his face did wear  
Was fearful. But a change soon o'er it came.  
From the sweet memories of the past a flame  
Shot up as of expiring lamp. Once more  
His heart was softened; and, while pondering o'er  
His recent thoughts, illumined by the rays,  
Though feeble, from the love of former days,  
He shuddering beheld the direful brink  
On which he stood; his humbled head did sink  
Upon his breast; and, with repentant shame,  
He saw how, through perverted feeling, came,  
As through misshapen crystal, images  
Most wrong and foul of Abel, and of his  
Most sweet and loving nature, perfect made  
By grace. He rose, and from the forest shade  
Retiring, homeward turned his steps.

There was

E'en yet a struggle in his soul, a pause  
In the descent of evil. In his youth  
There had been much of good: a love of truth,

Kindly and strong affections, a proud scorn  
Of what was sordid, mean, or base; but borne  
Down were they in the fierce, impetuous chase  
Of his desires. And, in the eager race,  
Early he had his reason taught to bend  
Subservient to his passions, to the end  
That, by perverting truth, he might the voice  
Of chiding conscience smother, and rejoice  
In perfect freedom from her bonds. At first  
Willful in this perversion, he was cursed  
At last by the full triumph o'er his mind  
Of his false logic; thus becoming blind  
To truth, and losing the best friend and guide  
Of his more virtuous feelings, which, beside,  
Leaning on reason's now exhausted strength  
Grew feebler daily, till they shrank at length  
To a mere shadow; rising now and then,  
With momentary flash, but to be quenched again.

As he approached his home, thus in the lull  
Of his tempestuous passions, when might rule  
The gentler influences, he beheld  
Zillah come forth to meet him; and there welled

A gush of kindly feeling in his breast ;  
For he believed her of his friends the best  
In all the sister band. She ever sought  
To do him faithful service ; whene'er aught  
Of discord rose, she stood upon his side ;  
In all his noble deeds she felt a pride,  
And told of it ; and when, as oft, there came  
Offense, she soothed, explained, averted blame,  
His ruffled spirit smoothed with soft caress,  
And strove to cheer in sadness and distress.  
Unconscious love a golden-colored haze  
Around him spread, through which, in her fond gaze,  
Each word and deed, each look and gesture shone,  
With beauteous tint, and his whole being, grown  
Greater through its enlarging power, assumed  
Magnificent proportions. She was doomed,  
However, through inferior outward charm,  
To unrequited love ; but less of harm  
Befell, as she was to the nature blind  
Of her heart's habitant ; and, when his kind  
And loving glance to Miriam she oft saw  
Directed, it appeared that nature's law



Such kindred forms must soon in one unite.  
But, when this trembling hope had taken flight  
On Miriam's nuptials, her mysterious joy  
At what, on Cain's account, should but annoy,  
Cleared up her mental vision, and she now  
Could see the nestling in her breast, and how,  
Though shy and timid, fearful of the day,  
It had long ruled her with despotic sway.

There was in Zillah something of Cain's proud,  
Self-confident, and willful nature. Loud  
Ambition's voice within her. But with these  
Too manly gifts she had the wish to please,  
And tenderness of heart that bled at pain  
Or woe of others. Falsehood in disdain  
She held ; an open spirit loved, and scorned  
Affected charms or knowledge. Unadorned  
With fancy's gifts, or with the higher grade  
Of reasoning power, she sought not to invade  
The world of mystery, content to take  
Things as they seemed, without a wish to break  
The outward crust of nature. She could prize  
Cain's lordly character, and sympathize



Through the similitude of hers. Compete  
She could not, from her feebleness powers. 'Twas sweet,  
Therefore, to yield her soul to his ; to soar  
Upon his wings, to share his triumphs, pour  
Her stream of life into his stronger flow,  
And thus, in him attained, her hopes to know.

Cain did but see a sister's love. For him  
She had been always thus. His vision, dim  
Through over-searching in another's eyes,  
Could not the soft transition recognize  
From one love to a dearer. In return  
For all her kindness, he had yet to learn  
That there was due to her aught else but love  
Fraternal ; and, in measure far above  
What he to others meted, he bestowed  
This gift on her. He made her, too, the proud  
Recipient of every hope, and thought,  
And feeling, that would bear the telling. Fraught  
With fruits of his late musing, in her ear  
He poured his trouble forth, and joyed to hear  
Her sympathy. He felt that she would bear  
Gladly with him each burden and each care ;

And now first rose the thought that, as a wife,  
She might hereafter smooth his path of life.  
He spoke no word, however, of such thought,  
But watchful Zillah from his features caught  
A tender beam, which through her bosom sent  
An answering thrill of exquisite content.

## CHAPTER X.

SPRING had her many-tinted garb of green  
Spread over forest, field, and mead. A scene  
Of calm magnificence reposing lay  
In the soft sunshine of departing day.  
Beneath the shadow of two lordly trees,  
Which, on a hill-side, to the evening breeze  
Spread wide their leafy garniture, there stood,  
Festooned with floral beauty, an abode,  
Low but commodious, such as youthful art,  
With only aid that stalwart limbs impart  
And inborn taste, might for a shelter build.  
This was the home of our first parents, filled  
With its young nestlings, and the elder girls,  
Whom to her bosom close, like priceless pearls,  
The careful mother kept. A second home,  
Embowered, near by, beneath a leafy dome,

Sheltered the sons, of age beyond the care  
Of woman ; and of these an elder pair  
Had oversight, beneath the father's eye,  
Which, watchful day and night, seemed ever nigh  
To guard them. These two cottages between  
Another building rose, where oft were seen  
Mother and daughters busied, and each day  
Thrice did all meet, when first the morning's ray  
Broke on the earth, at noontide, and at eve,  
Their meals to take with thanks, and to receive  
Paternal blessing and advice.

But Cain

Was absent oft. Long he had broke the chain  
Of parents' governance ; and, having more  
Misled than rightly guided, when he bore  
His share of leadership, 'twas with content  
Of all he laid the burden down. He went  
And came at will. For nightly rest a cot  
He had prepared, hard by the garden plot  
In which he toiled ; but when, as often, caught  
By darkness in the chase, he shelter sought

In rocky cave, or joyed in open air,  
Like savage beast to make his forest lair.  
Oft, too, by ardor of the hunt beguiled  
Far beyond reach of home into the wild,  
He reveled in his solitary meal,  
Won from the stores the sheltering woods conceal.

Abel, moreover, with his mate had sought  
Another home. A lowly cottage, wrought  
By their own hands, stood in a grassy nook,  
Bounded in front by winding of the brook  
Erst mentioned, and elsewhere by rising ground  
Tree-covered; while, arranged the house around,  
Roses, and flowers of rival beauty, lent  
Delicious fragrance. Here the lovers spent  
Their frequent leisure; and, though oft they sought  
The home parental, in their lowly cot  
To dwell, in converse sweet, was their delight;  
And time seemed to forget them in his flight.

Before their dwelling, underneath the wide  
And leafy canopy, sat side by side  
Father and mother; he but just returned  
From labors of the field to a well-earned

Repose; she, likewise, from her household care;  
Her hand in his, and in her face, still fair  
And beautiful, a look of reverent love,  
Yet all-confiding, which remained to prove  
That something still of Paradise was left;  
In his, though of its youthful glow bereft,  
And grave, the deep protective tenderness,  
Which did so well his inmost soul express,  
Telling how much for her sake he of ill  
Had willed to suffer, and would choose to suffer still.

Before them and around, spread out to sight,  
Was an absorbing spectacle; the bright,  
The beautiful, the picturesque, the grand,  
In exquisite proportion. Never hand  
But of unbounded goodness, and of power  
Equally boundless, on the earth could shower  
Such scenic wealth. Upon their left a vale,  
Wood-clothed, arose with gentle slope. Hills pale  
With distance closed the view. A nearer height  
Displayed a grassy spot, reflecting bright  
The rays of setting sun, which slanting fell,  
Gilding in course the tree-tops of the dell,



Upon the flock of Abel, scattered now  
Like glittering gems upon the hillock's brow ;  
And a keen glance might catch the shepherd too  
Preparing home to lead his flock. In view,  
Not half-way up the vale, a smoky wreath,  
Curling above the trees, revealed beneath  
Where Miriam in her home prepared, elate,  
The evening meal for her expected mate.

Adown this dell, as we have seen before,  
When tracing Miriam's steps, as once she bore  
His mid-day meal to Abel, did a stream  
Run murmuring, now sparkling with a gleam  
Of sunshine, now quite lost in forest gloom,  
Till, leaping forth into the light, in foam,  
Anon it broke upon the hidden rock,  
Then dashing onward, with resounding shock  
Startling the air, adown a steep descent  
Did madly throw itself, as though 'twere bent  
On self-destruction, pouring forth its life  
With sparkling luster, and in foaming strife  
Of struggling waters, and upheaving cloud  
Of vaporous mist, into a passing flood,

Which to its ample bosom's calm repose  
The palpitating youngling takes, then flows  
Serenely onward, while a heavenly bow,  
Far toward the east, smiles on the scene below.  
A valley broad spread out before them lay ;  
Beyond it, in magnificent array,  
Ranges of mountains rose, opposed to that  
On slope of which the pair observant sat.  
Hill rose on hill ; and solitary peaks  
In the horizon, seen through misty breaks  
In the majestic lines, their snowy heads  
Upreared through circling, purple-tinted beds  
Of gorgeous cloud, and the sun's last salute,  
Ere to his rest he sank, answered with mute,  
But scarce less glorious splendor. South of east,  
The view was bounded by beclouded crest  
Of ridge gigantic, formed by arms from each  
Opposing range, which, meeting, seemed to reach,  
With upheaved masses, heaven's invaded vault.  
Tree-covered were these mountains, save where fault  
From rock precipitous appeared, or path  
Wrought by the foaming torrents in their wrath,

As oft they bore the storm's wild tribute to  
The stream below. This soon to river grew,  
Swelled by a thousand rills, and then its way  
Tortuous pursued, approaching, as to pay  
Due homage, now to this and now the range  
Opposing, and, while flowing past the grange  
First upon earth, swept with a beauteous curve  
Off from the hill-foot, as it were to serve  
Its earthly lord, leaving, in grassy mead,  
Rich pasture for the herd that ministered to his need.

The stream flowed on, but, ere it reached the west,  
Into a lake spread out, which to its breast,  
As far as eye could see, the golden light  
Of evening taking, to the gladdened sight,  
The long-drawn, wavering line of splendor sent.  
About the lake there was a wild extent  
Of richly varied scene: indented shore;  
Retreating valley; huge rocks jutting o'er  
The shadowed waves; meand'ring streamlets here  
Through green and floral meadow gliding; there  
A brawling waterfall, which in the sun  
Sparkled as though of pearls; green islets won

From tribute of the hills, and naked rock  
Jutting above the waves, torn in the shock  
Of olden conflict from the beetling brow  
Of overhanging mount; beyond, a show  
Magnificent of wood-clothed hills, which rose  
Wave upon wave, each higher, to the close  
Of the long series, in the distance lost,  
Or blazing sunset; or enrobed in most  
Imperial gorgeousness of purple cloud,  
Bordered with gold, and varied by a crowd  
Of changing tints, which by their ceaseless play  
Honored the farewell of the lord of day.

At entrance of the lake, close by the farm,  
Upon a lifeless tree's far-stretching arm,  
A pair of fish-hawks had prepared their nest  
Aërial, on which did brooding rest  
The female bird, while, in the air near by,  
Her mate sailed gracefully around. On high  
The air was blackened by a feathered throng  
Repairing to their nightly rest among  
The green sedge of the lake. Domestic fowl  
Sought wonted roost on tree or house-top; owl

Sent forth a lazy hoot from neighboring grove,  
And wakeful nightingale her lay of love.  
The air was filled with insect hum. The low  
Of pasturing steer came from the vale. The cow,  
Home-driven by the lad on whom this care  
Devolved, a rich stream yielded to the fair,  
Young, maiden hand. A laughing urchin brought  
To the maternal lap, with ardor sought,  
The fresh-laid egg; a little toddling girl,  
With chubby cheeks, and locks of sunny curl,  
By elder sister sent, a nosegay sweet  
Laid, as love's offering, at the father's feet,  
And from his lips sought payment. On the green  
The youth, their day's work done, were sporting, keen  
With young life's spirit, wrestling, in the race  
Competing, or at game of ball; their face  
Glowing with health, and their loud-ringing voice  
Calling as 'twere on nature to rejoice  
With them; and farther off, by river side,  
A bolder youngster might be seen to ride  
A colt unbroken. The whole scene appeared  
One of those spots, to memory endeared,



Which, in the wilderness of life, though rare,  
Break on us now and then, as if to bear  
Witness to that all-glorious change which o'er  
Our life will come when sin shall be no more.

Just as the sun had touched the edge of earth,  
The father's eye from the glad scene of mirth  
Directed upward, as if heaven it sought  
In thankfulness, was by a vision caught,  
Which in astonishment and awe profound  
Enwrapped him wholly, and the crowd around  
Held in a wondering trance. In the southeast  
The whole vast ridge that stretched its giant crest  
For leagues athwart the view, no longer green,  
Glowed with a crimson glory; with a sheen  
Of more than earthly brightness; for the light,  
In fiery floods, seemed to the dazzled sight  
Out of the red-hot depths to pour its rays;  
As though of melted iron, in the gaze,  
A mighty wave had to the heavens rolled  
Its leagues of splendor; while, as liquid gold,  
Raced rapidly adown the crimson slope  
Streams of a yellow radiance, to cope



With the sun's brilliance ; rivulets of light  
From hidden fount beneath a cloud, which bright  
With gorgeous tints of deep cerulean blue,  
Purple, and gold, and scarlet, hid from view  
The mountain pinnacle. It seemed as though  
Heaven's gates had opened, and to eyes below  
The throne of the Almighty was revealed,  
Though His o'erpowering presence was concealed  
By cloudy canopy. While yet the eye  
Was on this vision of sublimity  
Fixed in absorbing wonder, there began  
A rapid change. Within a minute's span,  
The splendor faded. Up the mountain side  
A shadow rolled, which with its rising tide  
Quenched all the brightness. The o'erhanging cloud  
Concealed its beauty in a misty shroud ;  
And, when his face the setting sun had veiled,  
O'er the whole scene a twilight gray prevailed.  
Our first forefather sat in stillness long  
Absorbed ; then poured his reverence forth in song.

## ADAM'S HYMN.

Lord, God, Almighty, vain are words to tell,  
Powerless the soul of man e'en to conceive  
The glories which within Thy Being dwell :  
We can but wonder, tremble, and believe.

Compared with Thee, how infinitely mean !  
What nothingness is man ! How vastly less  
The distance him and vilest worm between  
Than from thy glory to his littleness !

Yet are we, Lord, the subjects of Thy care ;  
Lavish Thy bounties, wonderful Thy love !  
This do Thy works with loudest voice declare ;  
This do the joys of our existence prove.

Oh ! then how deep and limitless should be  
Our adoration, love, and gratitude ;  
Obedience unquestioning to Thee,  
Thy will our highest law when understood.

O Lord ! regard our weakness ; judge us not  
By our shortcomings in our daily dues ;  
From Thy remembrance, gracious Being, blot  
How oft Thy choicest blessings we abuse.

Oh ! lead us, Father, by Thy guiding hand ;  
Conduct us safely through besetting ill ;  
Teach us, our leading star is Thy command,  
Our surest hope obedience to thy will.

And, if we stray, oh ! gently lead us back  
To the true fold ; or, should thy wisdom find  
Chastisement needful, make us not to lack  
Submission, patience, e'en a grateful mind.

Oh ! dearest Father, bless Thy children now,  
And for the time to come ; upon our head  
Place Thy caressing hands, and let us know  
Thy loving smile upon our future shed.

## CHAPTER XI.

UPON a day, the seventh of the week,  
By God himself made sacred, as do speak  
His holy oracles ; at morning hour,  
Ere yet the sun had from his eastern bower  
Midway to noon ascended, there did meet,  
In shady grove, to shelter from the heat,  
The family of man, honor to pay  
To the Supreme, and by a rite that day  
First instituted, sacrifice to make ;  
Each in the holy work his turn to take.  
The rite was typical, a shadow mere  
Of inner substance, of a sense sincere  
Of God's supremacy, and of a mind  
Prepared to yield, with an obedience blind,  
All to His will. Two were this day to bring,  
Cain first, and Abel next, their offering.

Each of his substance on the altar laid  
What he most valued. Cain the fruit displayed  
Of his own culture, Abel of his flock  
The firstling. Cain, however, did but mock  
His God. He gave not with his gift the heart.  
Not one iota of his will was part  
Of the poor sacrifice. But Abel all  
Surrendered; and the whole he felt to fall,  
In truth's just estimate, beneath the praise  
Of meritorious deed. To God the ways  
Of Cain and Abel were as clear as day;  
Their souls as open as their gifts that lay  
Upon the altar. Can we wonder, then,  
That though Cain's offering, in the eyes of men,  
Might have been equal, it no favor found  
With Him; remaining all the air around  
To taint by its decay, or fowls to feed,  
Or beasts, with whom in nature it agreed;  
While Abel's gift, touched by a sacred fire  
From heaven sent down, rose from the blazing pyre  
In flame and smoke, and bore to God above  
Accepted proof of his devoted love?

A burning anger filled the heart of Cain,  
And fiendish thoughts coursed raging through his  
brain.

Too proud in words to give his passion way,  
With iron will he bound it, bidding stay  
Within its gloomy den, like beast of prey,  
Watching occasion for a deadly leap.  
Silent and stern, with hateful purpose deep  
Within his breast, he parted from the grove,  
In the meet gloom of forest shade to rove,  
Communing with his ire. Such were his words  
Unspoken.

“Must this also to my hoards  
“Of grievous wrong be added, e’en before  
“Beyond endurance? His revolt I bore  
“From my legitimate authority  
“Of eldership, his airs assuming, eye  
“Of censure when fear bound his coward tongue;  
“Still more; I held my hand when he had flung  
“His toils around the love of all, and wrung  
“My heart thus left alone. Through tears beguiled  
“Of our beseeching mother, when he wiled



“ My Miriam’s love, my chiefest treasure stole,  
“ I pardoned. Yes ! I did not crush the mole  
“ When, burrowing, he gnawed away the root  
“ Of my life’s hope. Oh ! that I had my foot  
“ Then set upon the vermin ; from my path  
“ Swept him away. Full righteous was my wrath,  
“ And righteously it might have been by blood  
“ Appeased. Then would I have escaped this flood  
“ Of overwhelming insult. Thus to scorn  
“ Of all to be exposed, of honor shorn,  
“ Rejected, spurned, e’en placed beneath the feet  
“ Of this aspiring minion ; am I meet  
“ Subject for such a fate ? No ! He must die ;  
“ The same earth cannot hold us. He or I  
“ Must leave it ; leave it, too, before the sun  
“ Shall have in heaven his daily circuit run,  
“ That the same orb which witnessed my disgrace  
“ May also see revenge the accursed blot efface.”

Thus nourished Cain his fiery wrath with blast  
Of not less causeless anger from the past ;  
Thus fiercely spurred, with purpose not to bend  
His conquered reason to a foregone end.

With rapid strides he sought his lonely cot,  
Seized on a spear, then hastened to the spot  
Where Miriam once had to his startled ear  
Betrayed her love for Abel. It was here  
His jealous rage had birth; and here he stood,  
Resolved its ravenous appetite for blood  
To satiate. Impatient on his path,  
Like a caged lion, oft he turned in wrath,  
With ear intent, hoping to catch the sound  
Of their approaching steps, as homeward bound,  
Abel and Miriam should the path pursue  
Which by his ambush lay. They came, the two  
Wrapped in a peaceful silence, and with breast  
Filled with high thoughts, as they whom Heaven had  
blessed.

A blow, a cry, a fall; the work was done:  
The bloody work now upon earth begun,  
And ne'er to cease till man his race has run.  
"This thy reward," he said, "and, Miriam, thine;  
"The joy of vengeance gratified is mine."

He spoke and left them. Abel on the ground  
Lay, pouring out his life-blood from a wound

Deep in the chest. Well did the murderer know  
Where sure to plant the death-inflicting blow.  
The victim, too, full surely felt that death  
Was following close upon his failing breath.

But oh ! what tongue of Miriam's state can tell.  
Shocked by the blow, she instantaneous fell  
Into a marble lifelessness of thought  
And sense. The fearful sight of blood soon brought  
The mental forces back, and with them woe  
Unutterable ; but with strength that to  
Unselfish love belongs, she sternly crushed  
The fearful horror down, and bade it hushed  
Remain in corner of her breast, that so  
She might be free her utmost to bestow  
In aid of her beloved. Her dress she tore,  
And with an energy unknown before  
Quick pressed the fragments on the bleeding wound,  
Hoping instinctive thus within its bound  
To hold the ebbing life. Partial success  
Rewarded her ; and, praying God to bless,  
She dared a timid glance of hope to cast  
Into her husband's eyes ; but 'twas the last.

She met a look so loving and so sad,  
That her soul sank before it. " 'Twere a glad  
"Exchange," he said, "but that I deeply grieve,  
"My dearest Miriam, for thee. Believe  
"That I to a most loving Father go,  
"A Father, too, all-powerful to bestow  
"A boundless and unceasing happiness.  
"Sorrow not then for me, but rather bless  
"The blow that sends me to the bliss of heaven.  
"We shall not long be parted. From me riven,  
"Joined as our natures have been into one,  
"Thy spirit through the bleeding rent will soon  
"Escape, and, joined with mine in realms above,  
"Will dwell secure in everlasting love.  
"But thou and I, my wife, a duty still  
"Have to perform; and thou must live awhile  
"To act for both. Thou knowest well the law  
"On which our claim to mercy hangs. With awe  
"We must obey. To be forgiven, in turn  
"We must forgive. Let not thy heart then burn  
"With wrath against our brother. Oh! how deep  
"The pity he deserves. Awake, asleep,

“ When once recovered from the fearful spell  
“ Which has his heart and reason in a fell  
“ Perversion held, he will the victim be  
“ Of ceaseless torture. Seek him then, from me  
“ Assure him of my unabated love,  
“ That there does not one angry feeling move  
“ My soul, and that, in the full sight of heaven,  
“ I do forgive him as I hope to be forgiven.  
“ Say also to our parents, and to all  
“ The brotherhood, that, if they can recall  
“ One deed for which they owe me kind return,  
“ They will far overpay, my thanks will earn,  
“ If our deluded brother they will spare,  
“ And e’en commend him to the Lord in prayer.”

Thus speaking, with low voice, and broken oft,  
He ceased at length. It seemed as if aloft  
His spirit had departed. But again  
Light from his eyes did beam. In spite of pain,  
A smile ineffable lit up his face.  
He oped his arms; held in a close embrace  
The most beloved; and pillowing his head  
Upon her neck, lay thus reclined till fled



Softly, as if on downy wings, his breath;  
And now did Miriam know that it was death.

The tension of her soul relaxed; she lay  
Swooning upon that breast, which, in the day  
Of life, her gentle form so oft had borne.  
It seemed as though they might have both been torn  
From life together. But a long-drawn sigh  
Signaled returning breath; her weary eye  
Oped upon earth again; she rose; but oh!  
How changed: upon her face the stamp which woe  
Had set; her features pale, and still, and cold  
As sculptured marble; eyes which tearless told  
Of thoughts far off; her trembling movements slow,  
And seeming aimless; but a task to do  
She had; one task; for which she gathered up  
Her shattered powers. "This last, this only cup  
"Alone, and then my husband join," she thought,  
"At heavenly board." Her father's home she sought.  
Cain crossed her path. He hovered round the scene  
Of his fell deed, as though affixed had been  
A chain of iron to his breast. Begun  
His torments now. The widow did not shun  
The meeting.



“ Oh !” she said, “ how couldst thou deal  
“ The cruel blow ! on him, too, who thy weal  
“ Had ever near his heart ; who so did feel  
“ That, pleased, he would have given himself for thee.  
“ Upon thee were his dying thoughts, and me  
“ He bade to tell them : how he loved thee still  
“ With unabated warmth, forgave the ill  
“ Thou didst him, as sincerely as he sought  
“ Forgiveness from on high. Me, too, he taught  
“ To yield a like forgiveness ; and, sincere,  
“ I do obey him. May thy future here  
“ Be blessed ; and, when thy race on earth is o’er,  
“ Oh ! mayest thou join us on that heavenly shore,  
“ Where sin shall cease for aye, and sorrow be no  
more.”

She left unanswered ; reached the dear household  
Where first she saw the light ; her story told ;  
Gave Abel’s message ; then, no longer helmed  
By her firm will, her spirit was o’erwhelmed  
By the uprising woe ; her strength o’erpowered ;  
The cords of life were snapped ; and upward soared  
Her liberated soul, with joy elate,  
Seeking in heaven her expecting mate,

Where, joined again, they were no more to sever,  
But live in bliss forever and forever.

Beneath the soil the bodies side by side  
Were laid, near to the spot where Abel died.  
To mark the humble site of their repose,  
Above the grave a grassy hillock rose ;  
And this was decked with flowers for many years,  
Planted by love, and watered with its tears.

## CHAPTER XII.

Cain was a wanderer. For the first time fear  
Had seized upon him. Scarcely had the spear  
Been wrenched, ensanguined, from its fatal aim,  
When, quenched in the forth-gushing blood, the flame  
Of his self-kindled wrath expired. The light  
From past events, now to the mental sight  
No longer through disturbing passion sent,  
Could truth in its own lineaments present.  
Hence, to his eyes, upon their intercourse  
From early youth turned back, there was no source  
Of bitterness apparent, naught but love  
The most unselfish, interest that strove  
More for the brother's aims than for his own,  
Submission of the heart, and then alone  
Unyieldingness when for the brother's good.  
In vain the damning witness he withstood.

In vain his reasoning powers he strove to bend,  
That they deceptive coloring might lend  
To his bad feelings and his deeds still worse.  
Fiercely upon his heart had seized remorse.  
A cataract of sorrow, yearnings vain,  
And vain regrets, came pouring on his brain  
With stunning force. The loving message, brought  
By Miriam from his dying brother, wrought  
No consolation. It did not assuage,  
But rather fanned to higher flame his rage  
Against himself. He madly tore his hair,  
A storm of blows poured on his chest, in air  
His arms tossed wildly, writhed upon the earth  
In agony spasmodic; now with mirth  
Delirious laughed, now groaned with mental pangs  
Beyond all fleshly torture, as in fangs  
Of some demoniac spirit.

“Fool!” he said;

“Madman! incarnate fiend!” and on his head  
Struck his clenched fist; “a murderer, accursed!  
“And all for what? My younger brother nursed

“ At the same breast, with his great trusting heart  
“ Devoted to me, whom I loved as part  
“ Of my own life ; what frenzy must have held  
“ My soul ! What devilish delusion spelled  
“ My mental vision ! Him to have believed  
“ My enemy ! him e’en to have conceived  
“ Deceitful, grasping ! him, the good, the kind,  
“ The loving, faithful one. Oh ! what a blind,  
“ Infatuated fool. It must have all  
“ A dream terrific been. The blow ! the fall !  
“ The blood ! They are mere phantasms of the brain.  
“ Surely, oh ! surely, I could not have slain  
“ My brother Abel. Oh ! that it again  
“ Was yesterday. Oh ! that I could this stain  
“ Wipe from my memory. And will it be  
“ Forever thus ? Must I forever see  
“ This fearful scene before me ? He forgave ;  
“ He loved me still ; perhaps e’en in the grave  
“ He loves me. Oh ! that I could once more see,  
“ Once more embrace him. Then, then should I be  
“ Content to die. To die ? Oh ! awful thought.  
“ What is to follow ? With what terrors fraught

“That dark abyss? No, no; I dare not die.  
“My guilt has made a coward of me. Fye!  
“Where is my absent reason, which so oft  
“Before has served me, has so often scoffed  
“At conscience, right and wrong, and punishment  
“For sin? Though, for myself, I do repent,  
“And ever shall, of this sad deed, and grieve  
“For my lost brother, yet I do believe  
“I have no crime committed. I must draw  
“This sure conclusion from my faith. The law  
“Of my own nature I have but obeyed.  
“In all my thoughts of Abel, which have strayed  
“So far from truth, a victim I have been  
“Of some deluding power, acting unseen,  
“But not the less resistless. Wretched prey  
“Of unrelenting circumstance, I may  
“From justice and consideration claim  
“Compassion as my due instead of blame.”

Thus, when the gust of passion had blown o'er,  
He strove remorse to conquer, as before  
He oft had done, by force of sophistry.  
But 'twas a dubious conquest, oft to be



By insurrection troubled ; and his face,  
Beneath the ceaseless struggle, showed the trace  
Of wearing passions. On his lofty brow  
A seal was set, which gave the world to know  
The homicide. Long did he shun his home,  
Fearing reproach, and driven abroad to roam  
By a perturbing spirit, which, whene'er  
He sought repose, would whisper in his ear  
"Thou murderer," and fierce the scourge apply  
Of memory, till he was forced to fly,  
Hoping by change of place to change his mind,  
Though ever vainly.

Absence from his kind,  
And with his own dark thoughts communion sole,  
Became at length unbearable ; there stole  
A longing eagerness into his soul  
Again to see his home ; and, thus he stood,  
One day, in presence of the brotherhood,  
Unlooked-for quite. No kindly greeting cheered.  
All shuddered when they saw him, and appeared  
As if an evil spirit had across  
Their startled vision come. All at a loss

Did seem ; and, gathering into clusters, low  
Whispered in trembling consultation, how  
This unexampled horror from their way  
Might be removed. But to parental sway  
Ever obedient, and a heartfelt trust  
Yielding, as they had ever known it just,  
They sought the father's house, followed by Cain  
In gloomy silence. 'Twould be effort vain  
To paint in words the feeling resting o'er  
The young world, near the patriarchal door  
In full assembly gathered. Adam stood,  
Eve on his left, in front of their abode ;  
Before them Cain, with open space between,  
And scattered round, upon the shaded green,  
Daughters and sons, of every age and size,  
The younger staring with their wondering eyes,  
The elder hushed in reverence and awe,  
All ready to obey the father's word as law.  
Adam began. " Why comest thou, O Cain !  
" Back to the fold whose shepherd thou hast slain ? "

The guilty one, with cowering look, which yet  
Struggled for wonted pride, and strove to meet

Firmly opposing gaze, but strove in vain,  
Thus spoke :—

“I come compelled thereto by pain  
“Of solitude, prepared to bear the worst  
“From so-called justice, rather than accursed  
“With my own thoughts alone forever dwell.  
“Than this I cannot know a deeper hell.  
“But look upon my face, haggard with care  
“And woe, my wasted form, and then compare  
“Your loss with mine. Who loved my brother more  
“Than I? Who can with deeper grief deplore  
“His fearful death? And Miriam, too; O God!  
“Thou knowest how ever near my heart abode  
“Her cherished image; how its deepest core  
“Ran blood, when fate inexorable tore  
“Its better half away. Is it my fault  
“That powers resistless drove me to assault  
“My brother’s life? Is it not of my grief  
“An aggravation dire? I seek relief  
“More from thy sense of justice than thy love  
“Or thy compassion. They whom forces move

“ Beyond their own control, cannot be made  
“ Justly to answer. God his plans has laid,  
“ So that, where’er we turn, whate’er we do,  
“ Or think, or purpose, we can ne’er break through  
“ The web of circumstance about us thrown ;  
“ And will itself, as all who think must own,  
“ Is but the instrument of motives, born  
“ Of this all-powerful influence. Hence scorn  
“ Of criminals presumed, or punishment  
“ For act committed with whate’er intent,  
“ Is an injustice. Pity is the due  
“ Of all offenders, e’en should they imbrue  
“ Their hands in blood ; and above all is mine.”

As he thus spoke, his features seemed to shine  
In momentary innocence, as though  
He did but utter what he felt. But no  
Assenting glance he caught answering to his.  
The father spoke :—

“ Mere sophistry is this.  
“ Of guilt the tool at first, and then the cause.  
“ We are not here as casuists. The laws

“ By God himself established in the heart,  
“ E’en forming of our consciousness a part,  
“ Have violated been, and, at our hand,  
“ Due satisfaction for the offense demand.  
“ This is the point which claims our earnest thought.  
“ Vengeance to God belongs. Man’s will must not  
“ Inflict it; and, with us, the only ground  
“ Of punishment is that we thereon found  
“ Our future safety. But we have no right  
“ To make the penalty on guilt alight  
“ Of an offended law, unless both law  
“ And penalty were known before. A flaw  
“ It is in our young code, that homicide  
“ Has been a place among the crimes denied,  
“ Because not deemed a possible offense.  
“ We cannot, therefore, punish it; and hence  
“ Thou must escape the penalty deserved  
“ Of death. We leave thee to thy God. Reserved  
“ To him is thy reward, who knows full well  
“ The measure of thy sin. This I foretell,  
“ That a long mental agony will wring  
“ Thy tortured spirit, ere it learn to fling



“ Its burden off, and light again, and pure,  
“ Shall stand before its Maker. But be sure  
“ That, in this struggle, thou wilt have our prayer  
“ Most fervent, that, in mercy, He may spare  
“ Thy soul repentant, and that, as the two  
“ Before thee gone, thou may'st in life pursue  
“ The righteous path, which, all thy sins forgiven  
“ Through His atoning grace, may lead at last to  
    heaven.

“ But till time's distance o'er the past shall throw  
“ Its softening haze, the wounded spirit grow  
“ Less sensitive to accidental touch  
“ In social intercourse, it would be much  
“ For thee and all to be preferred, that thou  
“ Shouldst dwell apart from us. Go, therefore, now  
“ Into another scene; but with thee bear  
“ Our pardon and our love; and oh! by prayer,  
“ In humbleness of soul, seek from on high  
“ Forgiveness, and the help which, ever nigh,  
“ To those who ask aright is freely given.  
“ Think not that hence thou art in anger driven.



“ We do this not to punish, but to save ;  
“ And shouldst thou sympathy or counsel crave  
“ In deepest strait, thou canst have free recourse  
“ To those in whom thy being had its source,  
“ Who cherished thee in infancy and youth,  
“ And would with rapture greet upon the way to  
truth.”

Cain was subdued. At length the stony case  
Which frequent sin, and oft-rejected grace,  
And misled reason, had been long around  
His conscience forming, until this seemed bound  
By wall of adamant, was broken quite ;  
So that its deep recesses could the light  
Of truth now reach, revealing to his view  
Horrors which every moment blacker grew  
As he regarded, till at length aghast  
He shrank abhorrent back, and felt how vast  
How monstrous was his sin ; and now there came  
Pangs to his soul, more fiercer than those of flame  
To flesh, and loud he cried in his despair :  
“ My punishment is more than I can bear.”

Amid the crowd a sob, but half suppressed,  
Was heard, and forth, with palpitating breast  
And tearful eyes, came Zillah to the place  
Where Cain was standing. There was on her face,  
Glowing with maiden modesty, a look  
Of deep devotedness ; and, as she took  
His passive hand, and pressed it in her own,  
She said :—

“ When, coming with a heart of stone,  
“ And hand red with our brother’s blood, thou dared  
“ To claim our sympathy, and e’en declared  
“ Thy innocence of crime, my feelings froze  
“ Within me ; round my heart there seemed to close  
“ A wall of ice. But it has melted now ;  
“ And, oh ! the gush with which my feelings flow  
“ In their old channel toward thee. I can see  
“ Naught but thy overwhelming misery ;  
“ Can feel naught but resistless wish to bring  
“ Comfort to thy despair. Oh ! let me cling  
“ To thy sad fortunes ; strength, and life, and soul  
“ Devote to thee ; thy happiness the goal

“Of all my wishes. Father, mother, lend  
“Your countenance. For him, and as his friend,  
“Not for myself, I ask it ; and forgive  
“If I do seem unmaidenly to strive  
“In this my suit. A loved one I behold  
“Sinking ingulfed in horrors yet untold,  
“And would stretch out a hand to help or save.  
“To him I must belong, or to the grave.”

Cain wept. His bosom heaved. He could not speak ;  
But opened wide his arms, and caught the weak  
And fainting form of Zillah to his breast.  
All eyes were moistened, and all looks expressed  
Assent. The mother first the silence broke,  
Her eyes on Adam resting as she spoke.

“Her love is true. I know it, for I see  
“My own heart mirrored as it feels for thee.  
“Let us unite them. To him can accrue  
“Good only ; while, for her, love will imbue  
“With such a power, whatever may betide,  
“That ill will vanish, and the good abide.”

’Twas done. Cain and his loving bride withdrew.  
They sought a far-off home, and life anew

Began. But of their future all we know  
Is that they flourished, did in numbers grow,  
Subdued the wilds, built cities, of a race  
Became the founders. Let us hope that grace  
Effectual worked within the murderer's soul,  
That through long suffering it was rendered whole,  
And that, when leaving earth in search of rest,  
It found a changeless home among the blessed.

## CHAPTER XIII.

A CLOUD of gloom, gathered from late events,  
Hung o'er the mother's soul, in masses dense  
And black. Not only her maternal grief,  
Which, cherished in her breast, refused relief,  
But horror at her own complicity  
Through that first sin, which mingled seemed to be  
In every earthly crime, had on her mind  
Wrought with such force that reason, undermined,  
Was tottering to its fall, and even hope  
Had fled. Her native sweetness could not cope  
With this intensity of grief. She threw  
Her miseries on God.

“It is not true,  
“Cannot be so,” she to her husband said,  
“That God is wholly good. If He who made

“The world foreknew what wretchedness and crime  
“Would His creation mar, making of time  
“A register of woe, in misery  
“He must delight, or quite impassive be ;  
“Else at the sight He would have held His hand ;  
“And the forthcoming world, at His command,  
“Would have been chaos still. What right had He  
“To make a world of joy, at cost to me  
“Of agony like this?”

Upon his breast

She leaned her aching head, as seeking rest  
Where only she could find it. In a tone  
Of deepest sadness he exclaimed :—“Look down,  
“O Lord, with pity on her grief, and hold  
“Her not responsible for words so bold  
“And frenzied ; for her troubled reason strays,  
“And, wandering wild, she knows not what she says !”  
With song he sought to calm her mind’s uproar,  
Ere striving wildered reason to restore.



## ADAM TO EVE.

Rest thy head on this bosom, thy sorrowing soul  
On the heart which ne'er failed thee in joy or in dole ;  
All thy pains and thy sorrows I feel as my own,—  
I would rather grieve with thee than be glad alone.

Let thy agonies overflow into my breast,  
Thou must sink by their weight, undivided, oppressed ;  
And, remember, the fate that deprives me of thee  
Will existence make joyless and worthless to me.

From your blissful abode in the realms of the blessed,  
On your mother look down, oh ! ye spirits at rest ;  
And, if Heaven permit, to her sorrowing heart  
Of the peace which you dwell in the solace impart.

Lo ! the voice of thy babe as from sleep it awakes,  
And its claim for its dues from maternity makes ;  
Yes, thou wee little thing, she will listen to thee,  
And herself will forget in her sweet ministry.

I can see the thick blackness beginning to roll,  
With its vaporous waves, from thy brightening soul;  
And the sunlight of reason will soon shine again  
In the gloom of thy spirit; Amen ! and Amen !

---

The tumult of her soul thus gently soothed,  
As stormy billows of the ocean, smoothed  
By oily covering, slowly did subside  
Into the wonted calm ; so that abide  
Could now her feelings an appeal addressed  
To reason and to conscience. Still caressed,  
She listened lovingly, and strove intent  
The strain to follow, as her husband bent  
His mental strength, to vindicate the ways  
Of God to man.

“ My love, though in a maze  
“ Of thought perplexed thy agitated soul  
“ Became entangled, I know well that whole  
“ And pure has been thy heart, and do not fear  
“ But that from this despondent mood, quite clear  
“ Thou wilt come forth. Let us by reason scan  
“ Our recent trouble, which with loss began

“ Of our two dearest treasures. Well we know  
“ That from the miseries of this world below,  
“ And all its snares, they have escaped, and dwell  
“ And ever will, in joys no tongue can tell,  
“ Or heart conceive. Should we not be content,  
“ Rejoiced, indeed, the happy instrument  
“ Thus to have been, through which were born and  
    reared  
“ Two angels for the courts of heaven? Thus, cleared  
“ Is this first grief of all its sadness. So  
“ Of Cain’s offense. His guilt was not the blow,  
“ But the dire state of mind which to the crime  
“ Gave birth. Had this not happened, perhaps time  
“ Would so have hardened in its sin the heart  
“ Of our first-born, that in the end no part  
“ There could have been for him, e’en in our hopes;  
“ While, through the shock of the fell deed, there opes  
“ A glimpse of future good; for, in our view,  
“ His soul was softened; and repentance true  
“ May yet o’ertake and save him. Then confess  
“ That, in the light of truth, our late distress  
“ Was really a blessing, and are due  
“ Our thanks to God. But much I fear that rue

“ For our first sin in Eden is the source  
“ Of thy corroding trouble. Here recourse  
“ Again to reason may alleviate  
“ Thy woe. I do not seek to underrate  
“ Our grievous sin ; but God gives us to know,  
“ In His unbounded goodness, that, although  
“ We cannot, in this world, the penalty  
“ Escape of life unparadised, yet we  
“ By true repentance are washed clean, and, in  
“ The records of eternity, this sin  
“ No more against us stands. Nor let the thought  
“ That, but for it, the world of which we wrought  
“ The fall would still be Paradise, thy peace  
“ Disturb. Had we not sinned, and no increase  
“ Been granted us, we might have still enjoyed  
“ Our bliss ; but we alone ; so that destroyed  
“ Was only that : but, had a child been born,  
“ Tempted as we, he might have sinned, and shorn  
“ Would thus have been of happiness, without  
“ Our intervention. Therefore, do not doubt  
“ That on thyself the sins of all to take,  
“ And all the woes which upon life may break,

“ Is to assume a burden not thy own,  
“ And which, as sins increase, must crush thee down  
“ To mental or corporeal death. Then throw  
“ This gloom away ; and let us peaceful go  
“ Adown the course of time, with trust entire  
“ That, evil shunned, and duty done, with prayer  
“ And due repentance for offenses past,  
“ We may regain lost happiness at last.”

“ Thy voice to me, my dearest,” Eve replied,  
“ From the first day when I became thy bride  
“ In Paradise, has ever been a joy,  
“ One of those dear delights which never cloy ;  
“ My intellectual guide, instructor, friend ;  
“ When danger threatens, or when doubts attend,  
“ My refuge sure ; in weakness my support ;  
“ For sympathy in pleasure my resort ;  
“ And oh ! how oft in suffering and grief,  
“ In pangs of soul or body, my relief.  
“ Before it now, as clouds before the breeze,  
“ Or mists before the sun, my sorrow flees.  
“ It clears away the blackness of despair,  
“ And shows the future ravishingly fair.



“ Pardon, O Lord, the sacrilegious words  
“ Which frenzy uttered, and with which accords  
“ No feeling of my soul ! Oh ! deign to spare  
“ The wretched worm that, in its pangs, did dare  
“ On Him to turn who its existence gave,  
“ And strove to sting the hand stretched out to save.”

Adam again :—“ Canst thou recall the day  
“ In Eden, when, in converse sweet, the way  
“ Of God we scanned in reference to pain,  
“ To sorrow, and to death, and to the plain  
“ Conclusion came, that these no evils were  
“ By sin untainted ; that, indeed, could bear  
“ A sinless world no crop of evil ? Now,  
“ Alas ! how changed. Sprung from some deep below,  
“ The foul-breathed monster has been born on earth,  
“ And wide has spread infection since his birth.  
“ His offspring, Evil, reigns. But now occurs  
“ A question, which affliction often stirs  
“ In troubled minds, which even entered thine  
“ In thy late mental torture ; but which sin  
“ Still oftener prompts, as covert where to flee  
“ That he may hide his own deformity.”



“Is God the cause of sin, and ills which spring  
“Therefrom ; for all the woes these evils bring,  
“Responsible ? Undoubtedly he made  
“The world, and all that is therein. He bade  
“Man from the dust arise, knowing full well  
“That he would break the law. Does this compel  
“Admission of his authorship of sin ?  
“To sin is to oppose, as known within  
“Ourselves, the will of God. There is none else  
“Than this. If God His own will breaks, rebels  
“Against Himself, then and then only may  
“Sin be imputed to Him. But to say  
“That He thus acts is folly. Hence absurd  
“The point in question. Can it be inferred,  
“Though not sin’s author, God is yet the cause  
“Of all the ills and woes that follow ? Pause  
“Upon this pregnant question ? Are not laws  
“Of universal nature but His will ?  
“That these may duly act, each part must fill  
“Its ordered function, and in harmony  
“The whole. In this sublime machinery,

“ A single break disorder must beget.  
“ Hence sin, the broken will of God, must let  
“ Confusion into His great scheme ; instead  
“ Of comfort, pain ; of gladness, all the dread,  
“ Dark sisterhood of sorrow, grief, remorse,  
“ Despair. These, therefore, are not in the course  
“ Of the Creator’s will ; but are a flaw,  
“ The fruit essential of His broken law.  
“ But such His wisdom, that this very ill,  
“ This contradiction of His sacred will,  
“ Is made at last subservient to the cure  
“ Of sin itself, and, therefore, to inure  
“ To the fulfillment of His purposes.  
“ The pangs of injured conscience best appease  
“ The appetite for sin : and ills which flow  
“ From crime committed, make us first to know  
“ And realize its fearfulness, and then  
“ Turn us from evil back to truth again.”

As paused the speaker, Eve in cheerful tone  
Expressed assent, then said : “ Though gloom is flown,  
“ There was a thought which on my darkened mind  
“ Came like an evil night-bird ; that unkind

“ Must God have been, when, knowing all the ill  
“ To which our race is heir, He made us still.  
“ Deep in my inmost soul, when not by cloud  
“ Obscured, I feel convinced that God is good,  
“ And need not reason’s aid. But I am frail,  
“ And would be glad, should such bad thoughts assail,  
“ To have defense, whereby I might attack,  
“ Repel, and send them to their birthplace back.”

“ This is a theme,” he answered, “ which has been  
“ Often the subject of my thoughts. Between  
“ Reason and faith, when they conflict, my choice  
“ Lies always with the latter, as the voice  
“ Of God, who cannot err, while fallible  
“ The former. Reason’s force, or fancy’s spell,  
“ Or e’en the witness of my eyes, can naught  
“ Avail against the rock on which, as taught  
“ By God Himself, I build my hopes, my faith  
“ In His unbounded goodness. But what saith  
“ The voice of reason uninspired? Perhaps  
“ It may with faith accord. Without a lapse  
“ It must.”

“The question is, could God, if good,  
“Have man created, knowing what a flood  
“Of sin and evil would through him be poured  
“Upon the earth? First let attention toward  
“The earthly aspect of the theme be turned,  
“And then the heavenly. Thus can best be earned  
“A judgment sound.”

“If weighed in balance just,  
“The evil and the good of earth, I trust  
“The latter would preponderate, and give  
“Thus far to us response affirmative.  
“Among the living, is there one so low  
“In comfort or in hope, that he would now  
“Ne’er to have lived upon the earth prefer?  
“If none there be, then no one can demur  
“To the Creator’s goodness. They who sin  
“Suffer of course. They plant the seed and win  
“The bitter fruit. But even here is shown  
“Goodness divine; for often sin has flown,  
“Alarmed by suffering; and repentance true,  
“Through Heaven’s mercy, gives the soul a new

“ Birth into virtue. But one point remains  
“ Unreconciled. Why should, as oft, the pains  
“ Of broken law fall on the innocent ?  
“ May they not be, in the Divine intent,  
“ A voice that warns against the latent sin ;  
“ An instrument that extirpates within  
“ The sprouts of wickedness, which otherwise  
“ Might to prolific crops of evil rise ?

“ But e'en admit that, in the course of time,  
“ The present sin may propagate to crime  
“ More rapidly than innocence to good,  
“ And thus the earth be overwhelmed with flood  
“ Of evil ; still, futurity we have  
“ Wherein to look for recompense. The grave  
“ Opens a new account, in which, whate'er  
“ Is now in doubt will find solution clear,  
“ And God in all His holiness appear.  
“ The soul, no doubt, survives the lump of clay  
“ It animates, and to the eternal day  
“ Of future life the same condition bears  
“ As here it bore ; but rescued from the snares,

“ Assaults, temptations, and the countless ills  
“ Of flesh. If sinless through God’s grace, it fills  
“ Eternity with joy. If sinful, oh !  
“ What earthly comprehension can the woe  
“ Embrace, which from the consciousness must flow  
“ Of separation from the harmony  
“ Of Heaven !”

“ But now occurs the question high—  
“ Is this dread state eternal? Would a God,  
“ In essence love, all goodness, at whose nod  
“ Futurity, according to His will,  
“ Must form and substance take, have been to ill  
“ So little hostile as to have mankind  
“ Created, knowing that a single mind  
“ Must live in endless torture, without power  
“ To change its state forever? To me o’er  
“ This question pondering, with such scope of thought  
“ As God has granted, it has seemed that naught  
“ Created by Himself could have been doomed  
“ To such infinitude of woe, entombed  
“ Alive forever. In accord far more  
“ With His great attributes, is, that the door



“ Of true repentance and amendment may  
“ Be open still ; that, in the soul astray,  
“ Suffering may work with purifying force,  
“ And that, in varying time, with some in course,  
“ Perhaps, of countless ages, it at last  
“ May stand before its Maker, all the past  
“ Of evil as by fire burnt out, refined  
“ And pure as when created. Thus, mankind  
“ May be as we in Eden, ere the fall ;  
“ And e’en the evil Spirits, creatures all,  
“ When time is o’er, may from their lake of fire  
“ Emerge, and join as erst the heavenly choir.  
“ Though, ere this glorious consummation, may  
“ Millions of centuries roll upon their way  
“ Into the past, yet, with eternity  
“ Compared, they will but as a moment be ;  
“ And the long train of suffering and remorse,  
“ Which shall in thronged array attend their course,  
“ Will cease e’en in remembrance to annoy,  
“ All swallowed in immensity of joy.  
“ Should there, however, be, among the crowd  
“ Of souls departed, some so madly proud,

“ So obdurate in sin, that neither sense  
“ Of love divine and mercy could their dense  
“ And stony nature soften, nor the fire  
“ Prolonged of punishment burn out their dire  
“ Perversity; their spirit’s life, imbued  
“ No longer with a principle of good,  
“ Must slowly fade away—its final doom  
“ Eternal death, and nothingness its tomb;  
“ Or, if there be an essence in the mind  
“ Of man imperishable, and in kind  
“ Identical with the Divine, then God  
“ Will sure recall it to its first abode  
“ Within Himself, stripped of its sinful dress,  
“ And of all individual consciousness.  
“ Thus, in the end, will naught be left to mar  
“ The universal harmony; no star  
“ E’er wildly wandering from its ordered place  
“ In heaven’s galaxy; all throughout space  
“ In unison careering round the throne  
“ Of the eternal and all-glorious One;  
“ And joining, in their course sublime, to raise  
“ A never-ending anthem in His praise.”

## CHAPTER XIV.

SWARM after swarm from the parental hive  
Went forth, and, settling down, new spots alive  
With busy hum of labor made. From these,  
In turn, swarmed other flights, o'er lands and seas,  
Till, far beyond the aged parents' ken,  
In ever-widening circle, spread of men  
The vast migration. Some in grassy plains  
Lived by their flocks and herds; more by the gains  
Through tillage wrung from fertile spots of earth;  
Others by arts mechanic, called to birth  
By varied human wants; and others still  
By interchange of products from the skill  
And labor of the rest. For the last two  
Of these great classes, hamlets rose, which grew  
To towns and cities. In the regions wild,  
Where nature held her rule yet undefiled,

In tracts of rugged mountain, deep morass,  
Or thirsty desert innocent of grass,  
Or wilderness, that on the outskirts lay  
Of marching settlement; here loved to stray  
The savage hunter, by no law restrained,  
By game scarce wilder than himself sustained.

Except within the bounds of Adam's sway,  
Which the world rapidly outgrew, astray  
From God the common heart had gone; and man,  
Left to his own devices, quickly ran  
The downward course of sin. As rays of moon  
In skies beclouded, in the darkness shone  
Some feeble glimmerings of former light,  
Which shadowed forth vague images to fright  
The multitude. From these in crowds arose  
Dark superstitions, ever followed close  
By eager cunning, which the fancy shaped  
In schemes religious, variously draped,  
But all within them hiding priestly craft.  
This, from their deep recesses, though it laughed  
At its own frauds, yet held the world in awe,  
Through terrors of the spirit and the law;

For with existing power it leagued, to gain  
And yield support.

Throughout the wide domain  
Which Adam's rule acknowledged, and beyond,  
Till by remoteness was dissolved the bond  
Of olden memories, the sovereign sway  
Was patriarchal; but, as far away  
In time and distance rolled the populous wave,  
The first impressions gradually gave  
Up their old grasp upon the soul. Then came  
Conflicts and wars. The strongest ruled, in name,  
Perhaps, at first, of some old patriarch,  
But in their own at length. In order stark  
Their throne to make, they hedged it round with law,  
And with such sanctions as priestcraft could draw  
From false religion; gaining for their line  
Admitted power to rule by right divine.

Thus superstition, ignorance, and the sword,  
Combined to form a power whose very word  
Was fate; which held the body and the mind  
In hopeless chains; and which, when 'mid the blind



Obedience, and the general mental night,  
A spark of good might struggle to the light,  
Could crush it out with a resistless might.

Age had begun with gentle hand to shed  
Its silvery tint on our first parents' head;  
And e'en an unobservant eye could trace  
The touch of passing centuries in their face;  
But still their form unbowed, and vigorous frame  
As from their Maker's plastic hand it came.  
The place of their abode unchanged; for none  
There was on earth more beautiful. But one  
Mansion now rose where three before had been,  
And ampler far. Embowered it was in green;  
Around it grounds with tasteful garniture  
Of grassy lawn, and tree, and shrub, and flower,  
And in the view, far as eye could command,  
On hill-side, in the valley, and by strand  
Of lake or stream, were scattered here and there  
Clusters of trees, which by the smoke in air  
Above them curling, and by glimpse between  
Their spreading branches, gave to vision keen



Tokens of habitation ; while below,  
At hill-foot, where the river's gentle flow  
Was lost in waters of the lake, were seen  
The house-tops of a village, with the green  
Of intermingled trees, whence oft did bear  
The favoring breezes to the listening ear  
Of the old home the hum of busy art ;  
And on a gentle eminence, apart,  
By grove half hidden, rose a temple, where  
Often went up to Heaven the voice of prayer.

With nature's wilder charms was mingled now  
A cultured beauty ; fields fresh from the plow,  
And waving grain, and pastures full of life,  
Gardens and orchards with abundance rife ;  
And everywhere apparent tasteful skill,  
And love of order. 'Twas the parents' will  
That all had guided ; Adam the male band  
Leading to conquest of the rugged land,  
And its due culture ; Eve, the bevy fair,  
Heading in floral ministry, their share  
To garland with the beautiful and gay  
The useful and the true ; both under sway

Of taste, which was so exquisitely nice,  
That curable deformity as vice  
Seemed to their inner sense.

Long they had ceased  
To add new fledgelings to the crowded nest.  
Their offspring, as full-grown, had taken flight,  
New homes to build, and their own way to fight  
Through adverse nature, to a place assured  
In the fast-filling world. But ne'er allured  
Had Seth been by such beckoning hopes, too oft  
Deceitful, into scenes far from the soft  
And sheltering wings of home. He filled the part,  
By Abel's death left vacant in the heart  
Of Adam and of Eve. To manhood grown  
Beneath their fostering care, he ne'er had known  
Nor wished to know another home. He shared  
This choice with one, whose life with his was paired  
Through such coincidence of wish. They bore,  
They and their brood, making the home run o'er  
With joyous life, the burden of the day,  
Leaving the elder pair the general sway

And oversight, not of their home alone,  
But of the world, so far as it was known  
And could be reached by them. Within these bounds  
Adam was wont to make his yearly rounds;  
Brightening the chain of love; keeping aright  
The reverence for God; up to the height  
Of its full purpose holding 'stablished law,  
But leaving rule direct with needful awe,  
To patriarchal chiefs, from whom appeal  
Could lie to him alone; the general weal  
His care.

Each day there came from far and near  
Missions, suggested by respect, or fear,  
Or hope; some bearing gifts, and some disputes  
For settlement, and some appeal from suits  
Before inferior judge, and some for aid  
Against oppressive power. To all he bade  
A kindly welcome; and, so far as right  
And power permitted, sent them from his sight  
With wishes gratified.

There was, beneath  
His own immediate government, no breath

Of whispered opposition ; for as soon  
As fiery spirits rose, that would not own  
His sway, convinced that struggle would be vain  
His power to o'erthrow, nor able e'en to gain  
A victory o'er their own respect innate,  
They sought far distant scenes, wherein to sate  
Their craving want. Peace, therefore, and her train  
Of varied blessings, were upon his reign  
Of love attendant.

But with mental pain,  
Which oft reminded of their grievous fall  
The saddened pair, and hung like funeral pall  
O'er all their joys, they heard, by rumor brought  
From far-off lands, of wrong and outrage wrought  
By power unbridled ; war, and all its flood  
Of ills attendant ; plains reeking with blood,  
And banqueting the vulture ; cries and groans  
Of wounded and of dying ; bleaching bones ;  
Fields widely ravaged ; villages in flames ;  
Slaughter of women and of babes ; the screams  
Of ravished beauty ; wild, imploring prayer ;  
Mutterings of vengeance ; wailings of despair ;

Demoniac passions holding jubilee—  
Hate, wrath, revenge, and fierce cupidity,  
The laugh and screech of frenzy, wild discord,  
Ambition waving high his bloody sword,  
Ensanguined triumph roaring out his song,  
And grinning death dancing the rest among;  
While famine gaunt, and pestilence with breath  
Abhorrent, stood near by, and clapped their hands at  
death.

Scarce less discordant with the mental tone  
Of Adam, than reports of war, was one  
Oft brought on wings of rumor, that, in lands  
Remote, astray from God and His commands  
Had gone his offspring; in whose souls had so  
Faded away God's image, that they now  
No longer to conception of the true  
Nature divine could rise; but sought for new  
Objects of worship in the powers unseen,  
Ruling mysterious in each varying scene  
Of nature's operations. Even these  
'Twas needful deemed to symbolize, to please

The taste perverted of the multitude,  
And reach their minds imbruted. Hence the crude  
Imaginings were bodied forth in rude  
Fantastic images; which ceased ere long  
To be symbolic, being by the throng  
Made gods; and idol worship thus began,  
Humbling the dwindled soul of lordly man  
Beneath the stock or stone which his own hand  
Had shaped. The mind, thus shipwrecked on the strand  
Of ignorance and sin, roamed darkling through  
The wilderness, and, peopling it with new  
And frightful shapes, was ever in alarm,  
Dreading from every side it knew not what of harm.

By vulgar fear the idols were endowed,  
Along with power divine, with all the crowd  
Of human passions and propensities  
In wild exaggeration. Naught could please  
Their oft ferocious humor more than blood  
Of human sacrifice. Hence crimson flood  
Around their altars poured, by priestly knife  
Drawn from war's victims, criminals whose life



Was forfeit to the law, and often, too,  
From those of whom the death, in priestly view,  
Was requisite.

Besides the gods thus sprung  
From teeming fancy, men whose sword or tongue  
Had deeply graved their names upon the soul  
Of nations, but whose image death had stole,  
Or distance, from the yielding memory,  
Were often deified ; and many a sigh  
Of deepest grief had been from Adam's breast  
Wrung by report revolting, that expressed  
Was thus for him, in various climes remote,  
The general reverence ; and oft he smote  
His chest in agony, at the dread thought  
That altars rose for him, for him was fraught  
The air with victims' shrieks, and to the skies  
The smoke of his own blood arose in sacrifice.

## CHAPTER XV.

OF those to whom the bounds of Adam's sway  
Had seemed too narrow for the needful play  
Of their ambition ; who had therefore sought  
Free scope for enterprise in scenes remote,  
Was Cainan, son of Enos, son of Seth,  
Of spirit so gigantical that breath  
It scarce could draw in atmosphere confined  
Of others' will. In energy of mind  
And corporal strength surpassing, he had led,  
In early life, a band whose chosen head  
He was, adventurous, into wilds afar,  
Beyond the confines of the known world, where,  
By natural increase, and accessions new  
From older settlements, and conquest, too,  
Absorbing all within its reach, they grew

Into a mighty people. Further still,  
With swelling numbers, they had spread until,  
Now at conclusion of three hundred years,  
They had the confines reached, whence naught appears  
But a wild waste of waters. Infidel  
Was Cainan ; but soon finding that a spell  
More potent than mere strength of arm, or force  
Of intellect, was needful in their course  
The wheels of government to keep, he sought  
From faith assistance, which has ever brought  
A might resistless to the daring hand  
That skillfully could wield it. In his band  
There was a common feeling—reverence  
The most profound for him, the fountain whence  
Their life was drawn, the founder of the race.  
When time had served from memory to efface  
The lessons they had learned of sacred truth  
From venerated lips, in early youth,  
'Twas easy, for devotion to the Lord  
To substitute the feelings, so long stored  
Deep in their breast for Adam. Though, when near,  
He may have seemed as what he was, a mere

Creature as they ; yet now, through distance viewed,  
As through illumined mist, his form imbued  
Seemed with magnificence divine. Their god  
He was proclaimed. In countless temples stood  
His image. Altars rose, with priestly race  
To minister thereat, through whom the grace  
Of the new deity was sought, with prayer,  
And gifts, and smoke of sacrifice. Nor rare  
The deeds miraculous, to meet the wants  
Of faithful and full-handed visitants ;  
While, far and near, incredulous neglect  
Was followed by misfortune, as effect  
Unvarying ; and open disbelief,  
Sarcastic taunt, and, more than all, a grief  
Done to the servants of the altar, met  
With punishment condign, as if a debt  
Due from the slighted god. Mysterious death  
Oft followed act heretical ; and breath  
Of rumor failed not to assign as cause  
The wrath divine. In course of time, the laws  
Established penalties for various sin  
Against the faith ; and, placing judgment in

The priestly office, gave to it command  
O'er life and substance, throughout all the land.  
But, as in Cainan's hands remained the right  
To make and to unmake the priests, the might  
Was his, and they the instruments whereby  
He held secure his boundless sovereignty.

But satiated passion in his breast  
Produced a fearful void, which never rest  
Permitted, but, with ravenous appetite,  
Was ever asking more, and yet, in spite  
Of all that power unbounded could supply,  
Was still unsatisfied. His highest joy,  
If that can joy be named which drunkards know,  
When, dead to alcoholic draught, they throw  
Corrosive poison down their craving throat,  
Was with a fiendish eagerness to gloat  
On sufferings of men who dared oppose  
His sovereign will. To him as incense rose,  
Throughout his mighty realm, imprisoned groans,  
The shrieks of torture, and the dying moans  
Of the condemned. Blood, too, in torrents flowed,  
At his command; and front of temples glowed

With flames of burning heretic, than which  
There was for him on earth no scene more rich  
In satisfaction.

But tyrannic rule  
Had curdled into fear and hate the whole  
Warm stream of love with which the nation's breast  
Had once o'erflowed; and, though were now com-  
pressed  
The explosive passions, born of ceaseless wrong,  
Into a seeming quietness, by strong  
Restraint of power; yet, let a spark but fall  
Into the magazine, and, instant, all  
The mighty fabric, now so proud and fair,  
Might with volcanic force be scattered into air.

There was a chief-priest, in whose hands the rule  
Ecclesiastic had been placed, as tool  
Of Cainan; and so supple he had been,  
So watchful each imperial wish when seen  
To effectuate, so seemed his place to fill  
As part and parcel of his master's will,  
That of his faithfulness had ne'er a doubt  
Arisen; and the sovereign mind without



A fear remained. His son, who had been bred  
To war by Cainan, and had often led  
The imperial arms to victory, possessed  
His father's skill and pliancy, and blessed  
Was, therefore, with his master's confidence  
In equal share. Of Cainan's indolence,  
Which with his power had grown, the skillful twain  
Advantage took vicariously to reign.  
Bowling obsequious ; fostering each caprice,  
And appetite, and passion ; holding lease  
Ostensible of power from him alone,  
And only with the view, professed, his throne  
To guard ; but so surrounding him with net  
Of intricate contrivance, each inlet  
So filling up with creatures of their own,  
That naught, save with their pleasure, could be  
known ;  
They gained that he should see but with their eyes,  
Hear with their ears, be with their wisdom wise,  
Fear as they feared, and utter his decrees,  
And do his fearful deeds as they might please.

Such was this far-off empire when there came  
An embassy therefrom, in Cainan's name,  
To Adam. A forerunner had announced  
Its near approach ; and, when he had pronounced  
His message, by request he gave account  
Anent his country, tracing from its fount  
To present times its course, such as in verse  
We have above attempted to rehearse ;  
Though in an altered strain ; for not a word  
He said that did not glorify his lord.

In long succession came the dusty train,  
And, spreading wide their tents upon the plain,  
Sent forth the messengers, long-bearded men,  
Who, with attendant guard in armor sheen,  
And humbler crowd, wound slowly up the hill.  
Adam expectant stood upon his sill,  
With household, male and female, all arrayed  
Upon each side, in front, beneath the shade  
Of trees magnificent. Upon their near  
Approach, he forth advanced, while in the rear  
Followed the elders of his house. He stood  
Towering in grandeur, and might well the god

They thought him, to the senseless throng appear,  
Who came to worship. Tremulous with fear,  
They fell prone on the earth. Their leader crawled  
Humbly to Adam's feet, as if appalled  
By his o'erpowering greatness. By the hand  
The latter raised his votary, command  
Giving, in gentle tones, that he should speak  
Fearless his errand. In a voice that weak  
At first, and broken, as in tremulous wave,  
Came forth, he thus his master's message gave:—

“Great Being, whom the Eastern world adores,  
“Deign to look kindly on thy worshipers.  
“Four moons have run their courses in the sky,  
“Since, by the orders of our Lord, the High  
“And Mighty Emperor Cainan, the bright  
“Reflex of thy effulgence, without light  
“From whose majestic face our land would mourn  
“In darkness, we have sought thee as the bourne  
“Of his exalted will. Our long fatigues,  
“And varied suffering through a thousand leagues  
“Of heat, and thirst, and hunger, wind and storm,  
“Dangers from hostile tribes, and wild alarm

“ Of powers mysterious in the wilderness,  
“ Of mountains, streams, morasses, and not less  
“ The sandy desert, where the scorching blast  
“ Drinks up the fount of life, this dreary past  
“ We deem as purest pleasure, since at last  
“ It has conducted us to thee. Thine ear,  
“ O mightiest of the gods, incline to hear  
“ The message of our lord. Of sacrifice  
“ The measure of acceptance is its price  
“ In estimation of the giver. Hence  
“ As testimonials of his reverence  
“ Profound, our master sends the ornament  
“ And glory of his realm, pure, innocent,  
“ And beautiful, the firstling of his fold.”  
Then, pointing to a youth of noble mold  
Standing erect, while others bowed in dread  
Of the imagined god: “ Behold,” he said,  
“ The off’ring; perfect both in form and face,  
“ And equally endowed with inner grace,  
“ A lamb without a blemish, whom to thee  
“ He gives in sacrifice. If it agree

“With will of thine, we can erect a pyre;  
“The knife is ready, and the sacred fire,  
“And soon the slaughtered victim shall in flame  
“Ascend to heaven, in honor of thy name.”

A frown at first gathered on Adam's brow,  
But soon gave way to sadness, and the glow  
Of shame, that issue of his loins so low  
In brutish ignorance should wallowing lie,  
With more than tiger-like ferocity.  
But ere his thoughts could form themselves in  
speech,

The purposed victim quickly beyond reach  
Of the surrounding prostrate guard stepped forth,  
And, nearing Adam, said :—

“That to thy worth  
“And greatness I have not obeisance paid,  
“I pray thee to forgive. I was afraid  
“Respect might pass for worship. I was taught,  
“There is no God but one, and He to thought  
“Incomprehensible, much less, as thou,  
“In mortal shape. Most humbly I do bow



“To age, ancestral claims, and dignity,  
“And the soul’s greatness, all conjoined in thee.  
“Do with me as thy wisdom may decide;  
“I am resigned, whatever fate betide.”

Scarce had these words escaped, when, in the crowd  
Of humble followers, arose a loud  
Cry of surprise, as a slight form, concealed  
In ample cloak, uncovering, stood revealed  
A beauteous maiden. Forth she sprang with light  
Quick step, flushed cheek, and eyes that dazzling  
bright

With eager spirit shone, and to the side  
Of the last speaker did in silence glide.  
A lightning flash of rapture took the place  
Of the meek sadness in his noble face.  
“Be thou,” he said, “my love or spirit blessed,  
“Welcome, oh welcome, to this faithful breast!”  
“I am, indeed, thy loved one,” answered she  
In palpitating tones, “will ever be.  
“Oft have I longed to throw off my disguise,  
“Which seemed, e’en while I gazed into thy eyes,



“ A thousand leagues to part us ; but the fear

“ To lose thee gave me firmness to forbear.”

Then at the feet of Adam kneeling low,

She said :—

“ Though majesty sits on thy brow,

“ There is a queenly goodness by its side.

“ Spare the companion of my youth, my guide

“ In faith and virtue, and thus kindly save

“ Two lives in one. Oh ! he is good and brave ;

“ The fresh-fallen snow is not more pure than he ;

“ His only crime irreverence to thee

“ As God. Ostensibly ’twas this alone

“ That sent him hither ; but, if truth were known,

“ He stood a hinderance in ambition’s path,

“ And fell a guiltless victim to its wrath.”

Then Adam : “ Messengers of evil, know

“ I am no more a god than you. Below,

“ We all are creatures ; simply I the first,

“ The parent of you all ; and oh ! how cursed

“ With such an offspring. But you have excuse

“ Of ignorance ; and though you much abuse

“God’s kind forbearance, may He yet withhold  
“His vengeful hand, till we the truth unfold  
“To your beclouded minds, and chance be given  
“By sharp repentance to avert of Heaven  
“The wrath terrific. Meantime seek repose  
“From your long toil. The door we never close  
“Of hospitality. My son”—to Seth  
Addressing now his words—“thy care beneath  
“I place our wearied guests. See them bestowed  
“In comfort in the village. My abode  
“This couple will receive. The youth I take  
“As Cainan’s gift. The maiden’s heart must ache  
“For care maternal. Fill for her, my Eve,  
“The mother’s part, and make her cease to grieve  
“The loss of home.” He spoke, and was obeyed ;  
The stranger band, bewildered and afraid ;  
The younger pair still dazzled by the light  
Which had so sunny broke on their despairing night.

The lengthening shadows showed approaching eve  
When they dispersed. Among the last to leave  
Was Adam, with the young and happy pair  
Of strangers. These invited were to share

The evening meal, and then to needed rest  
Retired. Eve the young maiden to her nest  
Attended; having to her heart at once  
The beauteous stranger taken, in response  
To a loud call therein; for in her face  
She Miriam's picture saw, which to erase  
From tablet of her memory, the power  
Had time nor age. In quiet of her bower  
The lovely girl her tearful thoughts poured forth  
Into the mother's bosom.

“From our birth,  
“Almost,” she said, “we have each other known;  
“And from the first so intertwined have grown  
“The rootlets of our being, that one tree  
“We are with double stem. We were to be  
“Ere long in marriage joined; but cruel fate,  
“Or rather cruel policy of state,  
“Tore us asunder. Enoch is his name,  
“And Adah mine. Of lineage he came  
“Imperial; I humbler, but still sprung  
“From one, the highest of our land among,

“Jubal, the warrior minister, whose hand  
“Holds, under Cainan, the supreme command.  
“Though not by marriage ties yet joined, in soul  
“We were. Of duty and of love the whole  
“Which wife could owe to husband, I believed  
“I owed to him. When, therefore, I received  
“Of his sad fate account, all other claim  
“Of duty was as naught; and my whole aim  
“In life was now to save him, or to bear  
“Of ill that might befall a wifely share.  
“Disguised in male attire, with face by art  
“Embrowned, I joined the pilgrim band, the part  
“Assuming of a slave to one, on aid  
“Of whom I could rely. Thus I have made  
“The journey, oft alarmed, endangered, worn  
“By rude exposures; but, howe’er forlorn,  
“Ever refreshment finding in his sight,  
“And the sweet hope that all might yet be right.”

Enoch, next morn, when they had broken fast,  
Gave, by request, narration of the past,  
So far as he and Adah were concerned;  
And all attentive ear to the young speaker turned.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## ENOCH'S NARRATIVE.

As to the stock from which I came :  
My father bears the honored name  
Of Jared, who Mahalaleel  
Owns for his parent ; but I feel  
No pride in tracing to its fount  
Our lineage, though next it mount  
To a renowned and powerful man,  
The dreaded Emperor Cainan.  
When he, a young man, left his home,  
Thus goes the story, far to roam  
In unknown lands, a beauteous wife,  
Who loved him more than her own life,  
Was his companion. Of her heart,  
However, was the better part

Devoted to another love  
All sublunary ties above.  
It had been early planted there  
By parents' hand, and by their care  
Nurtured until its root so deep  
And firm had grown, that it could keep  
Its place though tempests should assail ;  
And true it was, naught could avail  
To tear it from its place of birth  
Till heart itself had turned to earth.  
'Twas love of God, this tenant dear ;  
And it had cost her many a tear ;  
For in her husband's heart she found  
No answering love to this, though bound  
By strong affection conjugal.  
He had no faith, rejected all  
That she revered, the moral law  
As well as truth, nor as a straw  
Allowed them in his path to lie,  
Through countless crimes of deepest die,  
Fraud, violence, and slaughter dire,  
And seas of blood, and wasting fire,



To power imperial, and a throne  
In all the Eastern world alone.  
Beneath this woe she pined away,  
And, feebler growing day by day,  
At last obtained desired release,  
And breathed her soul to God in peace.

Her chiefest care in life had been  
From moral pestilence to screen  
Her offspring dear. Mahalaleel  
Was ripe enough in years to feel  
The force of truth; and him she taught  
Her faith so zealously, inwrought  
It was in every sense and thought.  
With her last breath she had besought  
Of Cainan's love, which ne'er had failed,  
One solemn promise, and prevailed.  
This promise was that he would ne'er  
With faith religious interfere  
Of her dear son, or those who might  
From him descend. Hence has the right  
Been ever by our house enjoyed,  
In our own way to worship God.

But there was one condition made,  
That we should serve Him under shade  
Of privacy, and ne'er confess  
His name in public, nor profess  
Aught which the credit might abate  
Of the religion of the state.

Retirement was the only way  
Of life for those who should obey  
This rule; and, therefore, not a few  
Descendants of our house, whose view  
Could not be thus confined, have sought  
At sacrifice of all that taught  
Had in their years of childhood been,  
What pleasure, fame, or power, the scene  
Of court, or camp, or busy field  
Of varied enterprise might yield.

But some of every age there were  
Whom gauds of life could not ensnare,  
Who held, throughout the course of youth  
And manhood, firmly to the truth,  
And, handing down from sire to son  
The faith with Cainan's wife begun,

Had ne'er allowed the sacred fire  
From want of fuel to expire.  
Mahalaleel and Jared are  
Of this small band; and, if a share  
I venture for myself to claim  
Of the same faith, oh! do not blame  
My seeming boldness, nor suppose  
I would be thought to rival those.

My mother dear, and Jubal's spouse  
Were early friends; near was his house  
To ours; hence naturally sprung  
Oft intercourse between the young.  
For me, in memory's furthest bound  
Stands Adah's image. Naught beyond  
Can I recall. She was a child  
In arms, and on me sweetly smiled,  
A boy, whose mind had just begun  
To bud. At the first glance she won  
My heart; and from that time till now  
It has been hers, nor would allow  
Another image near. To me,  
As elder, it belonged to be

The leader ; and whate'er I learned  
Or thought, my eager spirit burned  
To impart to hers. As soon as spark  
Of light divine had in the dark  
Of my own soul been struck, hers too  
It did illumine ; and, as it grew,  
Through fanning of parental breath,  
In me to the full blaze of faith,  
With her to share it was delight ;  
And thus, together, we the height  
Attained of our religious growth.  
What still more closely bound us both  
In perfect unison of heart  
Was this ; that from all else the part  
We acted was concealed, through fear  
Of well-known penalties severe  
For broken law. The time when first  
Our childish friendship forth did burst  
To full-blown love, such as now fills  
Our being with its sweets, it skills  
Me not to tell, so gradual  
The change. Thus, should the eye e'er fall

Upon an opening bud, the flower  
It may at length behold ; but power  
Each fleeting step of change to catch  
It has not, howsoe'er it watch.

Jubal, oft absent from his hearth,  
Perhaps in distant parts of earth,  
Rebellion crushing, or intent  
On conquest, his attention bent  
But rarely to his home affairs ;  
And our acquaintance had for years  
Been thus maturing into love,  
Before it seemed his thoughts to move ;  
Though ever, when we chanced to meet,  
His blandest smile my look would greet.  
At length, however, came a change.  
He seemed to take an interest strange  
In all our movements, and his eye  
Dwelt on us, as it were to try  
The nature and dimensions true  
Of that deep feeling, which, to view,  
Was welling in our hearts, and through

Our eyes shone forth, as pure and bright  
As lakelet in the moon at night.

Content with what he saw, at last  
He seemed to search no more, but cast  
O'er his demeanor and address  
Such soft and winning kindness,  
That irresistibly I felt  
My heart in filial love to melt,  
And poured it forth in confidence ;  
Telling for Adah the intense  
Devotion of my being whole,  
As well of body as of soul,  
And begging, as the highest boon  
Which earth could grant, that as a son  
He would accept me, at my side  
His Adah standing as my bride.  
Without delay he gave assent,  
And, all approving or content,  
The marriage hour was fixed, and I  
Dwelt in a very heaven of joy.  
Alas ! the day which thus arose  
Of happiness, was doomed to close



In storm and darkness ; and no light  
Relieved the blackness of the night  
Till now, when a new morn appears,  
And in its brightness all our tears  
Exhale to Heaven, and with them bear  
Thanks for its answer to our prayer.

It was a cloud on Jubal's face  
Which opened first the fearful race  
Of tempest, that across our sky  
With lightning speed coursed terribly.  
It seemed as if within his breast  
A storm was gathering, though repressed  
To outward calm ; and only flash,  
Occasional and far, of crash,  
Which soon might come with thundering rage,  
Gave to the watchful eye presage.  
Such flashes were in troubled glance,  
And hinted fears of ills to chance.  
But, having thus provoked alarm,  
The greater, as unknown the harm  
Portended, he more freely spoke  
Of troubles that the empire shook

E'en to its base; of fear and hate  
That in the bosom of the state  
Were rankling deep. Against his sire,  
Against himself, the people's ire,  
Though smouldering, burned with heat intense,  
As their lord's willing instruments;  
But wrongly, for they both had striven  
Against his madness, and were driven  
By force resistless to the deeds,  
With which the nation groans and bleeds.  
Upon their master's face of late  
A moody discontent had sate,  
Threatening themselves and all the realm  
In fierce destruction to o'erwhelm.

In gloomy strain thus Jubal spoke,  
Preparing for the final stroke  
Which was his scheme to consummate.  
Deeming the interests of the state  
His highest duty, he declared  
He was, if needful, quite prepared  
To perish, if he could thereby  
The end attain. He could descry

No other hope the realm to save  
From quick destruction, than to brave  
The traitor's doom, and to dethrone  
The present ruler, who had grown  
A monster of iniquity,  
And for his crimes deserved to die;  
Though he himself did not propose  
Further to go than on him close  
The doors of strict imprisonment.  
The nation would not be content  
With sovereign of another race,  
But joyously would, in the place  
Of Cainan hail a younger man,  
"And none," he said, "more gladly than  
"Thyself. Placed by me on the throne,  
"Thou may'st command, as my dear son,  
"My ever ready aid. I ask  
"Only the irksome part, the task  
"Of government, leaving to thee  
"The power, the glory, and the free  
"Enjoyment of thy will; in ease  
"To live, or, if it better please,

“The joy of doing good, to taste,  
“And make a garden of this waste.”

I was astounded, dumb at first,  
But was not tempted; for no thirst  
I have or ever had for power.  
As soon as the first shock was o'er,  
And reason, shattered by the blow,  
Had gathered up its strength, to know  
The course of duty, I replied,  
In tone that could not be denied,  
That of such schemes I must not hear,  
'Twas guilt even to lend the ear,  
And much I feared that criminal  
I should be, not of all to tell  
Which he had said; though as his son  
Or soon to be so, upon one  
Condition I would hold my peace—  
That all such schemes forever cease.

Though white his face with ire suppressed,  
Naught in the features was expressed  
Save sadness; such the wondrous force  
With which he ruled the passions' course.

No word of anger did he speak,  
But seeing that he could not break  
My firm resolve, he bowed his head  
In cold assent, and calmly said :  
“Let silence dwell upon the past.”  
I left him ; and it was the last  
I saw of him, till charged I stood  
With treason and contempt of God  
In court imperial, where Cainan  
Himself presided, and the man,  
Whom I had hoped my sire to call,  
Arraigned me as a criminal.

With features clothed in deepest grief,  
And choking voice, beyond belief  
Of insincerity, he said :  
“Much rather would I lie a dead  
“And stiffening corse before this dread  
“And mighty presence, than appear  
“Accuser of a youth so near  
“The blood imperial, and so dear  
“To me, as of my sweetest child  
“The promised spouse ; but all must yield

“ To duty toward my lord, the source  
“ Of all I am or have. Remorse  
“ Would be my endless portion, were  
“ Aught evil to befall, through fear  
“ Fantastic to betray a trust.  
“ This youth confessed to me his lust  
“ Of power imperial, and a scheme  
“ Proposed, of which merely to dream  
“ Deserves a thousand deaths : to slay  
“ Our sovereign lord, and thus the way  
“ Open for us to the command  
“ Supreme within this glorious land.  
“ Deeming such wickedness beyond  
“ All credence, and that ne’er respond  
“ Would confidence to what alone,  
“ And without witnesses, thereon  
“ I might report, I feigned suspense,  
“ Proposed another conference,  
“ And cared that when we met again,  
“ At least two honorable men,  
“ Concealed near by, should overhear  
“ The treason. These do now appear



“As witnesses.” Whereon the two  
Declared his accusation true.

The chief priest, Jubal’s father, brought  
Another charge : that I had wrought  
Against the nation’s faith, had taught  
Foul heresy, and e’en with pride  
The existence of their God denied.  
From Adah they the truth had wiled,  
And now believed that they had coiled  
Skillful around my life a chain,  
Which I should strive to break in vain.

Against the father of my love,  
I dared not, e’en though I might prove  
My innocence thereby, declare  
The truth, lest the result might tear  
The daughter’s heart. As sole reply,  
I did in earnest words deny  
The trait’rous scheme ; but on the charge  
Of heresy, I told at large  
The truth ; and cited in defense  
The sovereign edicts which dispense

Mahalaleel and all his race  
From fealty to the law, in case  
They should in private exercise  
Their faith, nor strive in anywise  
From that established by the law  
The public confidence to draw.

So little had I with the throng  
Of courtiers mingled, that 'twas long  
Since by the sovereign I had been  
In near association seen ;  
So that he could not of my face  
Or tone of voice recall a trace.  
Mahalaleel had often said,  
When gazing on me, and had shed  
Tears as he did so, that it seemed  
As though his mother's features beamed  
Out of the past ; and when he heard  
My boyish voice or laugh, declared  
It was of hers the counterpart,  
And always went straight to his heart.  
I mention this, as 'twill abate  
Surprise at what I now relate.

At first the Emperor's features shone  
With lurid light, and heavy frown  
His brow contracted. He had yet  
His eyes not on my features set  
With scrutiny ; but when his gaze  
Had fallen full upon my face,  
A wondrous change occurred. His brow  
Expanded ; o'er his face a glow  
Of genial feeling spread ; full oft  
A glance I caught so kind and soft,  
It seemed like love ; and, when I spoke,  
Upon his countenance there broke  
A sunny smile, which did declare  
That aught but cruel thoughts was there.  
Throughout the whole affair, indeed,  
He seemed to give it little heed,  
As though his mind was absent far  
In time or space, and searching there  
For something lost ; and when was closed  
The case, as from a reverie roused,  
He said, that were he to consult  
But legal forms, the sure result

Would torture be at first; then death  
Amid the slow devouring breath  
Of the green pyre; but softening thought  
Of far-off times had strangely wrought  
Within his bosom, and his mind  
To pardon for the crime inclined  
Against himself. But for offense  
Against the faith, he must dispense  
A punishment appropriate.  
As testimonial from the state  
Of fealty to their God, he willed,  
What yet had never been fulfilled  
Though purposed oft, an embassy  
To send, whereby we might engage  
Favor divine. An offering meet  
Was ready at our hands. To feet  
Of Adam we would send this young  
Offender, noble, beauteous, sprung  
Of royal blood, a victim rich  
In all accomplishments, through which  
A sacrifice might please the eye  
And gain the smiles of Deity.

Dizzied by the tremendous blow  
Which all my living hopes laid low,  
Nor caring for a life thus bared  
Of all its worth; though I was spared  
Immediate death, I failed to see  
Intended kindness in decree  
Which had reduced me to despair.  
But when with time my thoughts more clear  
Became, and I could on this scene  
From distant point, with eye more keen  
Look back, I saw in other light,  
Upon my future shining bright,  
The train of thought in Cainan's mind,  
And the result by him designed.

His change of features tokened clear  
A change of feeling. Soft and dear  
Remembrances were by my face  
Brought from afar; and I could trace  
By kindly look, and kindly tone,  
That love, long buried in his lone  
And hardened heart, had come to life,  
And to the offspring from the wife

Passed rapidly, bespeaking kind  
Interpretation in his mind  
Of every charge. My features spoke  
A refutation; and the cloak  
Of deep hypocrisy, that worn  
Had my accuser, now was torn  
From act and motive. One might see,  
At least, improbability  
In face of my asserted crime;  
And Cainan's mental eye, which time  
Had blunted, but had not made blind,  
Could readily a motive find  
For Jubal's malice; and the plan  
Complete of this unscrupulous man  
Lay probably before his view  
As clear as 'twas to those who knew  
Its origin and course. Then why  
The cruel judgment? I descry  
No mystery in this. Well knew  
Our sov'reign lord that all the crew  
Around him were the instruments  
Of Jubal and his father. Hence,



At once to drive them to despair,  
Like rousing lion in his lair,  
Might his own life in danger bring.  
Besides, his mind had lost its spring  
By long inaction, and might fear  
To trust at once its strength to bear,  
Alone, the burden of the state.  
'Twas, therefore, best his time to wait,  
And meanwhile leave their minds secure.  
Hence, probably, this plan to insure  
My safety, which, should I remain  
In reach of Jubal's scheming brain,  
Would be endangered. Well he knew  
That, here arrived, all kindness due  
To strangers would be showered on me.  
And now an opening glimpse I see,  
To which, ere this, my eyes were blind,  
Of a great favor, in its kind  
Surpassing all; and it will bind,  
If true, my soul to his by tie  
Which none can break in earth or sky.

Remembering early scenes of joy,  
He felt how cruelly annoy  
My soul must absence from my love,  
And sought this evil to remove,  
By clearing for her flight the way,  
Securing thus this joyful day.  
Oh! Adah, love, if this be true,  
We must forever keep in view  
The priceless favor, and by prayer  
Heaven weary, from its wrath to spare  
Our benefactor, to dispense  
Newness of heart and penitence,  
And on his humbled head to pour  
Its richest blessings evermore.

## CHAPTER XVII.

IN Adam's house there was a festal day,  
And gladsome humor had unwonted play.  
Smiles were in every heart, on every face;  
The old talked cheerily; the young with grace  
Danced to the sound of instrument or song.  
Around the mansion an assembled throng  
Partook the cheer, and echoed the delight;  
And the short day had faded into night,  
Ere the rejoicing ceased, and sated guest,  
Each in his dwelling found a welcome rest.  
It was a nuptial feast; the happy pair,  
Enoch and Adah, who from deep despair  
Had into happiness emerged at last,  
Still brighter beaming through the dark contrast.

Not the least gladsome of the festal band,  
Now taught their Master's will to understand,

Were members of the embassy, on whose  
Benighted sense the dawning light arose  
Of true religion, and whose wondering soul,  
Breaking the chrysalis in which its whole  
Anterior life had slept, now spread its wings,  
Rejoicing in its freedom, and the things  
Of glorious beauty, which effulgent lay  
In the bright morn of its unfolding day.  
They longed, in the benevolence of heart  
Born of their own young gladness, to impart  
The new-found freedom to their fellow-men.  
With common voice they prayed of Adam, when  
They should return, that he would with them go,  
And make their country's heart, as theirs, to glow  
With his inspiring presence. All agreed  
That of resistance, or in thought or deed,  
There could be none; that bend would every knee,  
And bow would every soul to his decree.

The patriarch, deeply pondering on the scheme  
Proposed, and making it the frequent theme  
Of earnest prayer, found to his heart revealed  
His duty, and did prompt obedience yield.

With the returning travelers he resolved  
Their far-off land to visit; but, involved  
With this conclusion, was a painful doubt  
Concerning Eve; how either each without  
The other could a widowed life endure,  
Or he behold her, leaving home secure,  
For him fatigue, and peril, and the slow  
Wear of discomforts countless undergo.

Pointing to Adah, promptly Eve replied :—  
“ Behold this child, this young and tender bride ;  
“ Do I love less than she, or can I less  
“ Of hardship bear ? Thou must, indeed, confess  
“ Approval of her course. Then speak no more  
“ Of dangers, or the varied ills that o’er  
“ The journey hang like a storm-teeming cloud.  
“ No ill or danger can be darker browed  
“ For me, not e’en of ghastly death the stare  
“ More terrible, than pictures which in air  
“ My wildered fancy would forever paint,  
“ From thy dear sight divorced. E’en now I faint,  
“ Foreboding, with a dreary emptiness  
“ And hunger of the heart, at thought that press

“ Mightst thou this form no more in dear embrace,  
“ That I no more might look upon that face,  
“ On which to gaze is food of my soul’s life.  
“ The word of separation would than knife  
“ Far sharper be, which, plunged into my side,  
“ Should bond uniting flesh and soul divide.”

By treachery aided in her husband’s breast,  
Eve conquered; and, though vanquished, he confessed  
That he was happier far than if her fears  
Had joined with his to engender dreary years  
Of separation. Their protective wing  
Beneath, did Enoch and his Adah sing  
The joyous lays of their spring-time of love,  
As onward toward the rising sun did move  
The mighty caravan. Except a band  
Of mounted hunters, who, in wilder land,  
Should war for sustenance upon the game,  
All were unarmed; for they were, in the name  
Of the All-powerful, going forth to win  
Subjected myriads from the bonds of sin,  
And not on strength of arm did they rely,  
But on their righteous cause, and favor from on high.



Upon their march, each nation civilized,  
Each wandering tribe, of their advance apprised,  
Gathered to meet them, greeted with delight  
Their patriarchal head, and lent their might  
In hospitable aid, watering the dry  
And sandy desert, lowering the high  
And craggy steep, each river bridging o'er  
With natatory skill, and making floor  
On soft morass; so that on every side,  
As if by magic power, seemed to divide  
All hindrances, and straight and open lay,  
Inviting their advance, a broad and flowery way.

As neared their march the confines which they  
sought,  
Rumor to meet them vague announcement brought  
Of wide commotion; as the gentle shock  
That earthquakes send afar, while nearer rock  
Great cities to their fall. Arrived, they found  
The rumor true. E'en to its utmost bound  
The empire heaved as a tempestuous sea:  
Towns in uproar; insurgent peasantry;

Here squadrons charging on a thronged array ;  
There scattered hosts, flying in wild dismay ;  
Embattled armies, closing in the fight ;  
Broad conflagration, making day of night ;  
And tender woman, wildered with alarms,  
Gathering her little tremblers in her arms.  
Such was the scene which greeted their approach,  
And which, 'twas feared, might grievously encroach  
Upon their cherished hopes. But Adam, strong  
In the supremacy of right o'er wrong,  
The gen'ral reverence, and, above all,  
In the Divine support, allowed no wall  
By fear imagined, his advance to impede ;  
But messengers his entrance to precede  
He sent, in part intelligence to gain,  
In part the end important to attain,  
That all might know that he they deemed their Lord  
Had come to bless them, and allay discord.

It seemed that Cainan, feeling now the chain  
Which Jubal had, with slowly tightening strain,  
Been coiling long about him, finding, too,  
Through torture-wrung confession, that they, who

Had testified in Enoch's case, had been  
By Jubal bribed, undoubtedly to screen  
Himself against suspicion, clearly saw  
That he was lying careless in the jaw  
Of death or danger, and, if still to reign  
He wished, or e'en to live, he must again  
Rouse up his lion energies. He rose,  
And stole with feline stealth upon his foes,  
That he might thereby strike a surer blow.  
It fell; the traitors felt its force; and, though  
It did not crush their mail-clad strength, it broke  
In shivered fragments the coercive yoke  
Which they had fixed on the imperial will.  
Free now to act, he summoned all his skill,  
And from all quarters gathered up his strength;  
And Jubal and his father found at length  
The time had come, seen with prophetic eye,  
When they must win an empire, or must die.  
Calling his veterans, whom he oft had led  
To victory and rapine, at their head  
Jubal opposed a formidable front  
To Cainan's threatening forces, and the brunt

Of the first onset was prepared to meet;  
While through the land he sent, by message fleet,  
The torch of insurrection. The chief priest  
Thundered anathemas against the beast,  
Who, in the shape of man, his tiger paw  
Had fixed upon the nation's heart, and maw  
Gorged with the nation's blood. His well-trained band  
Subordinate, wide scattered through the land,  
Yet bound by ties invisible, which serve  
With speed electric, like corporeal nerve,  
Notice from center to extreme to bear,  
Received command no energy to spare  
Nor time, for theirs, and for the common weal,  
To rouse the terrors, and inflame the zeal  
Of the down-trodden yet believing herd,  
Against their demon sov'reign, who had spurred  
His rage to madness, threatening, in his ire,  
The priesthood to consume in their own sacred fire.

Hence, everywhere uprisings; fierce attack,  
Triumphant oft, and often driven back  
Discomfited, on forces organized;  
These too divided, as most highly prized

One or the other chieftain; battles lost,  
Or won, or indecisive; all things tossed  
As by a moral earthquake, in whose throes  
The nation's life seemed hastening to its close.

As on the darkness of an Arctic night  
The first faint glimmering of the morning light,  
So did the news of Adam's coming beam  
On the despairing country. To this gleam  
In the horizon every eye was turned  
In eager longing; every bosom burned  
With thirsty hope; and when at length arose  
The daylight of his presence, warrior foes  
Forgot to struggle; from the palsied hand  
The useless weapon fell; all seemed to stand  
In awful expectation, deeply still  
Before the Being, in whose mighty will,  
As they believed, was limitless control  
Of their own fate, their country's, and the whole  
Wide world around them. As the hurricane,  
By its resistless might, to level plain  
Compels the storm-tossed waves, so did the force  
Of the new feeling, in its sweeping course,



Bear down all others, howsoe'er before  
Heaving in wild and furious uproar.

As on he journeyed toward the capital,  
Vast multitudes, assembled at his call,  
Crowded around each stopping-place; and oft  
While traveling, as from his seat aloft  
On back of elephant he sent abroad  
A searching glance, it seemed as though the road  
Were paved with human heads, so close the  
throng.

Oft in their temples, or the way along  
In open air, he spoke to them in strain  
Of mighty eloquence, nor spoke in vain.  
Before the sun of his majestic soul  
Thus beaming on the multitude, did roll  
Off from their minds the obscuring mistiness  
Of superstitious creed; and to confess  
One God, and him eternal and supreme,  
Became, like daylight to a troubled dream,  
The joy of every heart, of every tongue the theme.

Meanwhile, ere yet the onward moving wave  
Of the new impulse which the stranger gave



Had reached the central masses with a force  
Quite overwhelming, there had been recourse,  
Between the Sovereign and the rebel Lord,  
To the last fearful umpirage of the sword.  
Cainan had conquered. Jubal in the fight  
Defeat beholding, and disdaining flight,  
Rushed upon death, and gloated, in its throes,  
Upon the heap around of slaughtered foes,  
Proofs of his prowess, and a glorious train,  
Honoring his entrance into death's domain.

The wily priest, his father, not so brave,  
Though equally aspiring, sought to save  
His forfeit life behind the strong defense  
Of his official sacredness, and hence  
Fled to the shelter of a temple, where  
He hoped no sacrilegious hand might dare  
To drag him from the altar of the God  
Whose minister he was. But thirst of blood  
Had banished fear; and, at Cainan's command,  
The infuriate soldiers, with unsparing hand,  
Dealt deadly blows upon his hoary head,  
And cast him forth among the vulgar dead.

But short the triumph. With his victory flushed,  
And confident that now, the leaders crushed,  
None would oppose, he proudly felt secure,  
Relying on his host, as on his sure  
Right arm, the vigorous man. But palsied fell  
This boasted strength before the mighty spell  
Of the approaching wonder; and, when came  
The unarmed invasion, overwhelmed with shame,  
He found that he was powerless e'en to raise  
A hand against it, and in dumb amaze,  
Stood helpless utterly; or, if he strove  
To make an effort, felt that, with each move,  
As a quicksand, the earth gave way beneath  
His sinking feet, and, if a living death  
He would escape, in such terrific grave,  
Must Adam's hand accept, held forth to save.

He lived; but intellect beneath the blow  
Was shattered; and thereafter to and fro,  
A harmless idiot, through the land he strayed,  
Of punishment condign for trust betrayed  
A lesson dread.

Acknowledged ruler now,  
Adam's first, greatest care was to bestow  
A sound religious culture, as the sole  
Enduring basis of a firm control  
Whether of man o'er his own evil heart,  
Or of the law o'er all. To every part  
Of the vast realm he journeyed, with him Eve,  
From whom her sex might usefully receive  
Both counsel and example; with him, too,  
Enoch and Adah, whom he wished to know  
And to be known, that, deeply striking root  
In popular affection, they might shoot  
With vigorous growth into accepted sway.  
Before him fled idolatry away,  
And in its place sprang up a worship pure  
In spirit and in truth.

To make endure  
This change, he set apart the Sabbath day,  
On which the people should due homage pay  
To the true God; withdrawing from affairs  
Of earthly life, and all its sordid cares,

To give the spirit heed, and, by recourse  
Often repeated to its bounteous source,  
To seek its growth in vigor and in grace.

He strove, moreover, every lurking trace  
Of idol-worship from the laws to root,  
Which now were made the people's wants to suit  
And not the sovereign's; reflex being true  
Of his own soul, where gentleness did woo  
Stern justice, and their offspring, mercy, shone  
With sweet effulgence.

His great work thus done,  
Longing for rest, his home once more he sought,  
Leaving to Enoch, with his teachings fraught,  
And chosen of the people, sov'reign sway,  
With Adah's queenly aid to smooth his thorny way.

Regnant in Adam's soul was one great thought,  
That, for the evil in creation wrought  
Through his sad fall, to God and to mankind  
He owed surrender of his powers of mind,  
His whole capacity of labor, time,  
All selfish pleasure; and, with a sublime

Devotedness, he followed through the earth  
The trail of sin, whether to lowly hearth,  
Or to the hall of kings, near or remote,  
In town or country, eager to uproot  
The evil she had planted, and anew  
In the wild fallow of the heart to strew  
The seeds of truth and virtue. He beheld  
Often his labors blessed, by few repelled ;  
But, though the waves before the cleaving prow  
Of his advance gave way, alas ! the flow  
Of evil soon too often closed again  
The track behind him, leaving on the main  
No sign where he had passed. Yet to despair  
He ne'er surrendered ; and, with Eve to share  
His hopes and trials, ever launched anew  
Into his work of love ; nor ceased till drew  
His life into its evening, and before  
His view appeared the night when he could work no  
more.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE aged pair were sitting on the lawn ;  
The day had fitful been : its early dawn,  
Brilliant with roseate hues, but soon o'ercast ;  
Its noon tempestuous ; but the sun at last  
Breaking through massive clouds and gorgeous, shed  
A mellow radiance on their hoary head.  
Turned to the glories of the western sky,  
In wrapt attention, was the husband's eye  
Now dim with years ; and o'er his face there spread  
A kindling smile of rapture, as he said :  
" Behold the emblem of our earthly day !  
" Clear in its morn, oft stormy in its way ;  
" But, oh ! how sweet, how lovely now ; how glows  
" Serenely bright the promise of its close."  
The wife his hand pressing with both her own,  
And gazing in his face, while softly shone



In hers the reflex of his gladness, broke  
Silence; and thus her heart in music spoke.

## EVE'S SONG.

We two have walked the world together,  
And ever hand in hand,  
And heart with heart, no matter whether  
In bright sunshine, or stormy weather,  
In rich or desert land.

Thy chestnut locks have turned to whiteness,  
Thy ruddy cheek grown pale,  
Thy eagle eye has lost its brightness,  
And thy elastic step its lightness,  
And wrinkles tell their tale.

But, ah! thy heart looks forth as youthful  
In every tender gaze;  
Thy love for me as fond and truthful,  
Thy soul for others' woe as ruthless,  
As in our early days.

Not when in Eden's garden roving  
    Upon life's vernal shore,  
Nor when through years of trial moving,  
Our hearts by pain and sorrow proving,  
    Did I e'er love thee more.

Our earthly joys and woes are ending,  
    Our long day's work is done ;  
How sweet, in one our being blending,  
To feel that we to rest are tending,  
    As with the setting sun.

How full of joy life's new beginning,  
    When, shaking off the spray  
From death's dark gulf, and upward springing,  
Our gladsome flight toward heaven winging,  
    We seek eternal day.

And, joining those who've gone before us,  
    Shall live in love and praise,  
With God our father ruling o'er us ;  
While our ecstatic joys in chorus  
    An endless anthem raise.

As thus they sate enjoying the repose  
Which crowned their life, now drawing to its close,  
O'er Adam's face there came a wondrous change.  
His eye lit up, and, with expression strange,  
Seemed to look forth as on a distant scene.  
Upon his altered features was a sheen  
Of mingled awe and grandeur. To the wife,  
With startled eye regarding him, new life  
Seemed to be breathed into his feeble frame,  
O'er which a glory as of angels came ;  
And, as she gazed, his parted lips gave birth  
To a prophetic picture of the earth.

“ Lo ! the old prospect flees, and, in its place  
“ Before my view extended, lies the face  
“ Of the unbounded future. But, alas !  
“ What sin and wretchedness ! one mighty mass  
“ Of fraud and violence, corrupt desire,  
“ Unbridled passion, malice, vengeful ire ;  
“ Self everywhere triumphant ; God unknown ;  
“ And life into one seething ocean grown,  
“ Where vice and crime, in a ceaseless turmoil,  
“ Hatefully bubble, bubble, boil and boil.

“ But oh ! the dread catastrophe ! The skies  
“ Are black with thundering clouds. Red lightning  
flies  
“ In blinding coruscations. Heaven pours  
“ O’erwhelming floods upon the earth. The shores  
“ Of ocean tremble with the mighty shock  
“ Of the uplifted waters. Mountains rock  
“ Like billows. Forests and abodes of men  
“ Lie low before the raging hurricane,  
“ And hurtling fragments fill the troubled air.  
“ Rills swell to torrents ; flooded rivers tear  
“ Their furious way o’er the wide-spreading plain,  
“ And what was cultured land is now one whelming  
main.

“ Horror of horrors ! Lo ! the tossing waves  
“ Become of countless hosts the watery graves.  
“ Corpses of man and beast commingled float ;  
“ The living vainly struggle ; gurgling throat,  
“ Despairing grasp, and then the last drawn breath ;  
“ Or on a floating tree postponing death,  
“ In strange companionship, the man, the child,  
“ The timid hare, the tiger not less mild,

“And all at peace in presence of despair.

“Behold ! what throngs in wild alarm repair

“To tree or house-top, or ascend the side

“Of rock or mount ; while, with remorseless stride,

“The ravenous waters follow and devour.

“At length the swelling flood has risen o’er

“The topmost peak accessible. The last

“Of human kind stand shivering in the blast.

“Oh ! spare them, gracious Lord ! Vain is the prayer.

“A mighty billow, tossed aloft in air

“By the firm rock, sweeps over them in foam,

“And bears them helpless to a watery tomb.

“Man and the earth are gone ; all desolate

“This beauteous world of ours ; naught but a great,

“A limitless expanse of water left.

“Oh ! fearful fruit of sin ! No single weft

“From the vast wreck thrown on the shores of time !

“Ah, yes ! amid the solitude sublime

“A huge dark mass is floating. Lo ! it comes

“Surging among the billows ; nearing, looms

“More and more grandly. Now it moves no more.

“The waters sink, and mountain summits tower



“Above the waves receding. In its side  
“A window opens, and far o’er the wide,  
“The boundless waste, a raven wings its flight.  
“Life is within; and oh! the glorious sight!  
“The deluge has subsided. Earth again  
“Exults in all her pristine beauty. Men,  
“And beasts, and fowls of air, and creeping things,  
“Whatever moves on earth, or mounts on wings,  
“From the vast bosom of the ark swam forth,  
“And, settling down on the regenerate earth,  
“Increase and multiply with emulous strife,  
“And fill again its utmost bounds with life.

“Hark! hark! a whispering voice speaks in mine  
ear;

“And mine the echo of the words I hear.

“‘The world had sunk in wickedness immense  
‘Of human kind; and God in reverence  
‘Was held by Noah and his house alone.  
‘Evil had triumphed. Hope of good had flown.  
‘Whatever germ of virtue may have lain  
‘In the new-born concealed, could never gain



‘Development, but perished in the sprout,  
‘Through want of that kind influence, without  
‘The aid of which all virtuous growth must share  
‘The fate of herb shut out from sun and air;  
‘Poisoned, moreover, by pestiferous breath  
‘Of ever-present sin, parent of death.  
‘Hence it was needful all the guilty race  
‘At once to extirpate; lest, if a trace  
‘Of the corrupting influence should remain,  
‘It might a leaven prove, to bring again  
‘The renewed earth to its own rottenness.  
‘Nor did their suffering more severely press  
‘Upon the guilty, by one sweeping blow  
‘Destroyed, than if allowed to undergo,  
‘Through slow decay, or of disease the sting,  
‘The death that waits on every living thing.  
‘But Noah with his house the Lord had served.  
‘Hence from the general wreck were these preserved.  
‘In faith he heard the warning from on high,  
‘And an ark built of such capacity  
‘That of all creatures of the earth a pair  
‘It might receive; then, soon as in the air

‘He saw the fearful portents, gathering in  
‘The living burden, he prepared to win  
‘Safety amid the universal death.  
‘Hence is the earth repeopled; and beneath  
‘The smiles of God, the power again is given  
‘To realize the purposes of Heaven.’ ”

Here Adam paused awhile, though from his trance  
Yet unawakened; then, with eager glance,  
Tracing as ’twere the course of time afar,  
His speech resumed, and laid the future bare.

“The centuries roll by, still with the din  
“Of labor laden, and, alas! with sin.  
“Oh! God, that mine, mine should have been the hand  
“First to let loose this plague upon the land!  
“Oh! senseless ingrates, so soon to forget  
“At once God’s mercy, and the lesson set  
“By fearful justice. Earth redeemed, and decked  
“With purity, pleads vainly for respect.  
“By sin polluted, she again becomes  
“A wanton and idolatress, and blooms  
“With all the gaudy ornature of vice,  
“Sprung, like the flowers which on a compost rise,

“From inner rottenness. But some there are  
“Who have not God forsaken; some who bear  
“Aloft His banner in the world, and dare  
“The enmity of evil. These He keeps  
“As in the hollow of His hand. Ne’er sleeps  
“His watchful care. Upon their devious route  
“Through ills of life, through dangers from without,  
“And those within, He guards them. Settled now  
“In peaceful safety through His care, they grow  
“To a vast multitude. Oppressed by power,  
“He makes for them a path, like level floor,  
“Through upheaved waters of a mighty sea;  
“And lo! as thus in fearful haste they flee,  
“The closing waves o’erwhelm the hostile force  
“In eager chase. The rescued crowd their course,  
“Through years of trial, to a promised land  
“Pursue, by Him led on, and by His hand  
“With daily food supplied. Yet so perverse  
“The human heart, they murmur oft, the curse  
“Of idol-worship senselessly incur,  
“Nor can be rightly governed but by spur  
“Of frequent chastisement.”

“On mountain peak  
“Behold a cloud illumined, whence doth speak  
“An awful voice, while tremble at the sound  
“The mount alike, and prostrate host around.  
“The words thus uttered have a sanction high  
“As Heaven itself, and ever reverently  
“Must be regarded as the Law of God,  
“Commanding homage, such as ne’er allowed  
“By pride of man would be to aught that might  
“From human source proceed. With solemn rite  
“Received, it binds the fickle multitude  
“In earnestness of purpose; keeps the rude  
“Passions undisciplined in serried ranks;  
“And when at length the wandering people, thanks  
“To aid divine, have found a settled home  
“Within the promised country, and become  
“A powerful nation, it maintains the fire  
“Of the true faith, nor suffers to expire  
“Wholly upon the earth. Yet, strange to tell,  
“As time flies on, the people oft rebel  
“Against the Lord; upon the hill-tops rise  
“Idolatrous altars; and the astonished skies  
“Glow with the flames of heathen sacrifice.

“But praised be God, each treason to His name  
“Bears its own punishment; and at the flame  
“Of suffering relit, the torch of truth  
“Shines bright again, though fitfully forsooth;  
“And were it not that God, through holy seer  
“Or prophet, deigns full oft to interfere,  
“Or in the heart revives with His own breath  
“The spark concealed in ashes of the faith,  
“So prone is man to sin, earth might deny  
“Her Maker, and in rayless darkness lie.”

“What do I see? What glorious forms are those  
“Exultant in the skies? Behold how glows  
“The vault of heaven with the angelic throng.  
“A Virgin bears a Child. Harken! a song  
“Of triumph pealing at the wondrous birth:—  
‘Glory to God in the highest; upon earth  
‘Peace and good-will to men.’ The Child has grown  
“To manhood, pure; on earth the only one  
“Who never sinned. In a broad stream He laves;  
“And lo! as He emerges from the waves,  
“God’s Holy Spirit on His head descends,  
“And from the heavens proceeds a voice, which rends



“The firmament: ‘This is my son beloved  
‘In whom I am well pleased.’ By God approved,  
“He walks the earth in lowliness of heart,  
“Meekly and humbly, yet a mighty part  
“Enacts in its affairs. Diseases flee;  
“The deaf are made to hear, the blind to see,  
“The dumb to speak, the paralyzed to walk;  
“The dead are raised; demoniac spirits stalk  
“No longer unrebuked; at His command  
“Water is changed to wine; a hungry band  
“Of thousands a few loaves and fishes find  
“Sufficient food, and unconsumed behind  
“Leave ample store. The stormy winds obey  
“His words. He walks as fearless on the sea  
“As on dry land. Who is this man, so meek  
“And humble, yet so mighty? Hear him speak.

“‘I am the Son of God; and we are one,  
‘I and my Father. Unless through the Son,  
‘None to the Father cometh. I’m the Way,  
‘The Truth, the Life; and verily I say,  
‘With power upon the earth sins to forgive,  
‘They who believe on me shall ever live.’



“ Who thus can speak, and thus the witness show  
“ Of wondrous deeds, which from the power could flow  
“ Of God alone, must be himself Divine,  
“ And in his being God and man conjoin.  
“ But wherefore dwells incarnate on the earth,  
“ In lowly state, and of despisèd birth,  
“ The Lord Almighty? Wherefore stoops He thus  
“ From His immensity, to walk with us  
“ As though an equal? Is it but to give  
“ A faultless pattern, whereunto should strive  
“ Our mortal weakness? or, perchance, to teach,  
“ From His own hallowed lips, the way to reach  
“ His level of perfection? Surely God,  
“ Without such measureless abasement, could,  
“ Through voice and conduct of a seer inspired,  
“ His wish perfect, were these the ends desired.  
“ Listen! I hear a voice prophetic say:  
‘ This is the Lamb of God, that takes away  
‘ The sins of the world.’ Oh! can it be that God,  
“ In person of the Son, His precious blood  
“ Should offer for our sins, and paying thus  
“ The claims of justice, should the fetters loose

“ Of all who may accept the terms proposed

“ Of faith in Him ?”

“ Alas ! how quickly closed

“ His earthly course. The hand of violence

“ Has seized the Holy One ; His sole offense,

“ The stern rebuke of sinless purity

“ To guilty power. They judge, with mockery

“ Of law condemn. Around His head they place

“ A crown of thorns. They spit upon His face,

“ And mock with jeers and taunts. O Lord, awake

“ The thunders of Thy power. Let the earth quake

“ Beneath Thy wrath. With lightning of Thy eye

“ Consume the impious wretches. Let them die

“ In flames of torture, and, when life is o’er,

“ Learn what it is upon the Lord to pour

“ Their hateful scorn. But sinner that I am !

“ Omnipotent, He meekly as a lamb

“ Is led to slaughter. Not an angry word,

“ Not e’en a whisper of complaint is heard.

“ Compassion sits upon that heavenly brow.

“ Nailed to the cross, and with the torture slow

“ Of burning thirst, and wounds, and awful weight  
“ Of the world’s sin oppressed, instead of hate  
“ He feels but love, and prays with fervor true,  
‘ Father, forgive them, for they know not what they  
do.’

“ He yields the ghost. Immortal sacrifice !  
“ How vast the treasure bought at such a price !  
“ How dire the guilt such expiation needs !  
“ How deep the love which thus for sinners bleeds !”

“ A sepulcher the slaughtered Lamb receives.  
“ But lo ! a hand unseen the prison cleaves.  
“ Forth walks the risen victim, glorified ;  
“ For a brief space does still on earth abide ;  
“ And then, His work accomplished, seeks on high  
“ His Father’s throne, and shares His sovereignty.”

“ A new and glorious era has begun  
“ On earth. Forth from the Father and the Son  
“ Proceeds the Holy Spirit ; not confined,  
“ As erst, to one small section of mankind,  
“ But beaming broadly as the solar rays  
“ Upon the hearts of all. In former days

“Twice had our race been tried. Before the Flood,  
“Left unsupported to their choice, the good  
“They spurned, the evil chose, at length became  
“So fearfully corrupt, that earth the shame  
“Of their foul presence could no longer bear,  
“And shuddering cast them off. Again appear  
“Uncounted nations on the globe. But now  
“God sets aloft a beacon by whose glow,  
“Seen from afar, they might upon life’s way  
“Be guided surely ; so that quite astray  
“They ne’er could wander, while upon their sight  
“Should undiminished shine its warning light.  
“Yet, notwithstanding this supernal aid,  
“The general mind far from its Maker strayed,  
“And idol-worship, with its ghastly brood  
“Of monster sins, like a devouring flood,  
“Deluged the souls of men ; of all the race  
“One favored tribe alone, a doubtful place  
“Of safety holding on the rock of faith.  
“What hope remains to conquer sin and death ?  
“Man’s strength has failed. With or without the law,  
“His soul must perish unless life it draw

“ From higher source than earth. Hence comes the new  
“ And glorious dispensation. God to do  
“ Has willed, of His free love, what man cannot.  
“ First, of eternal justice He has bought,  
“ By meek surrender of that stainless life,  
“ As spotless lamb to sacrificial knife,  
“ Her claims to vengeance for the sins of man.  
“ Thus the vast debt which with the world began,  
“ And only with the existing world will end—  
“ The debt for sin, the weight of which must bend,  
“ If unremitted, every soul to death—  
“ All melts away, as snow before the breath  
“ Of the warm South ; on this condition sole,  
“ That to the freely offered grace the whole  
“ Heart should be opened, with repentance true,  
“ Undoubting faith, and the resolve a new  
“ Life to begin. But, to complete the plan  
“ Of goodness infinite, God lends to man  
“ His Holy Spirit, first the soul to call  
“ Out of its bondage, then its future all  
“ To aid and strengthen, leading by the hand  
“ The faithful trembler to the promised land,  
“ Where sin and sorrow cannot enter, and



“Where joy eternal reigns. But man his part

“Must also do. God will not force the heart.

“‘Ask, and it shall be given to you; knock,

‘And it shall be opened.’ This is the rock

“Of man’s salvation. He must seek with prayer

“And earnestness of purpose; must declare

“Allegiance of the heart to God; and strive

“Up to the standard of His will to live.

“All else is freely given; to the past

“Forgiveness, to the future help; at last

“A triumph in life’s warfare, and a rest

“Of bliss forever on the Saviour’s breast.”

“Lo! from the cross on which the Sinless died,

“How streams the light of life on every side!

“How penetrate remotest realms its rays,

“Earth’s darkest corners kindling into blaze!

“To every land the messengers of love,

“The Lord’s elect, commissioned from above,

“Bear the glad tidings; everywhere they sow

“The seeds of truth, which, spirit-nurtured, grow

“To a rich harvest. From each center spreads

“The Faith thus planted. Regnant Evil dreads



“ The waning of her power. At first by fire  
“ And sword, the rack, and every torture dire  
“ Which fear and anger could suggest, she strove  
“ This new and dreaded danger to remove.  
“ Yet does the Faith but the more brightly burn  
“ With all the means to quench it. She must earn  
“ Her ends by other measures. Hence she takes  
“ The cloak of Truth ; a loud profession makes ;  
“ In outward zeal surpasses all ; and then,  
“ Placed in the foremost rank, the souls of men  
“ Leads into deadly error ; holy names  
“ Giving to creature-idols, kindling flames  
“ In her disciples’ heart of burning zeal  
“ For her created gods, and thus the leal  
“ And sacred Faith, so rich in precious deed,  
“ Consuming quite ; while in its place a creed  
“ Is planted, which, if fair in outward show,  
“ At root is rotten, and bears fruits of woe.

“ But God does not desert His children. Still  
“ He pours His Spirit forth, and ever will  
“ Till the end comes. Hence is perpetual war  
“ Waged upon earth ’tween good and evil far

“Down in the centuries. Now this, now that  
“Prevails. Yet of the two does victory wait  
“Most frequently on good. By slow degrees  
“Faith spreads her conquests. Over lands and seas  
“Is borne the banner onward, till at last  
“All nations bow before it. Yet, though cast  
“From recognized dominion, whether in  
“The shape of open, all-defiant sin,  
“Or under garb of righteousness disguised,  
“Evil, with grasp tenacious, still her prized  
“Inheritance retains, and, forced to part  
“With outward sway, finds refuge in the heart.  
“Though all the nations the true faith proclaim,  
“And bend with reverence to the Saviour’s name,  
“Yet in the souls of myriads cherished dwells  
“The love of evil. Their whole heart rebels  
“Against the Lord. Their presence breaks, and will,  
“So long as borne on earth, continue still  
“To break the harmony of God’s design  
“For man’s eternal good. The will divine  
“Cannot consent unceasingly to yield  
“To such perverse resistance.”

“Lo ! revealed

“The fearful end. No watery deluge now  
“O'erwhelms mankind. The vaulted heavens glow  
“With fire-begotten light ; the waters rise  
“In igneous vapors to the thirsty skies ;  
“Forth from the globe's ignited center pour  
“Red floods of lava, with terrific roar,  
“And earth and rock melt down like wax before  
“Their fiery march. In twinkling of an eye,  
“Vanish all things of life, and scattered fly  
“Their elemental atoms. Oh ! my God !  
“Is this the end ? Is it for this Thou trod  
“Incarnate on the earth ? For this Thou bore  
“The pangs of death corporeal ? That thus o'er  
“This beauteous world should pass Thy breath of fire,  
“Making of its enkindled frame a pyre  
“On which should perish all that wealth of joy,  
“Life, beauty, power, which did of old employ  
“Thy hand creative ? Terrible, oh ! sin,  
“Beyond conception of the soul within,  
“Beyond the utterance of the tongue, must be  
“The dire repugnance between God and thee,

“That such annihilation thou shouldst bring  
“On His great work of earth, and every living thing.”

“My tortured vision can no longer bear  
“This burning light; my soul this fell despair.  
“Refuge I seek in darkness, and would flee  
“Far, far away from this deep misery  
“Into the shelter of oblivion.”

“Time is no more, Eternity begun,  
“My opening eyes a new Creation greets.  
“Instead of Earth, a world of glory meets  
“My wondering gaze. Spread out before me lies  
“A boundless realm, where softer beauty vies  
“With solemn grandeur; where the tints of light  
“Play upon form to charm the ravished sight  
“With harmony divine; where all that heart  
“Can wish, or mind conceive, or power impart  
“To give delight to every purer sense,  
“Is strewn with a profuse magnificence.  
“Life, too, is there; but stripped of fleshly load,  
“And self-sustaining. Free it moves abroad,  
“No danger threatening, and no pain to fear,  
“Reveling in joy throughout the rolling year;

“And peaceful all; the falcon and the dove,  
“The wolf and lambkin in the bonds of love.  
“Here, too, are gathered out of every clime,  
“Of every tongue and people, from all time,  
“In countless multitudes, they who the Lord  
“Have served in truth, and in His blood forth-poured  
“Upon the cross, have washed their garments white.  
“Perennial flow the fountains of delight.  
“The sweat from every brow is wiped away,  
“The tears from every eye. Eternal day  
“Smiles on the blissful scene. A heavenly light  
“Shines in each face, and every form is bright  
“As with an angel’s glory. Each defect  
“Corporeal, or mental, every speck  
“Upon the beauty of the life of earth  
“Was, like a worn-out garment, at the birth  
“Of this renewed existence cast away;  
“No more disease, no more from age decay;  
“But beauty, youth, and glowing health for aye.  
“Nor sex, nor age, nor servile bond is there;  
“E’en child and parent, wife and husband are



“No longer terms distinctive; far above

“The things of time soar upon wings of love

“The souls redeemed; and, as aloft they rise,

“See fade through distance all their earthly ties.

“Their bliss to sing, God must the soul inspire,

“And to the strain an angel tune his lyre.

“E'en what is seen no mortal tongue can tell

“In fitting words. Myriads of voices swell

“With tuneful praise around the sacred throne

“Of the Invisible. Others alone,

“Or walk in varied path, or soft recline

“On flowery couch or verdant, and intwine

“Their beauteous wreaths of thought. Here, sit or  
stand,

“In sweet communion, groups whose voices bland

“Mingle in music. There, in solitude

“The philosophic spirit, though in mood

“Of deepest stillness, follows on the trace

“Of scientific truth, nor leaves the chase

“Until, through height and depth, and tangled maze

“Pursued, it stands full open to his gaze.



“ And lo ! as though of angels’ wings possessed,  
“ Through endless space can move at will the blessed.  
“ From point to point upon their earthly home,  
“ Or through the wide expanse of Heaven they roam,  
“ Searching God’s wonders in the moon, the sun,  
“ And starry host ; and the search thus begun,  
“ With all its thrilling ecstasies may be  
“ In time and distance infinite, as He  
“ Who made, and makes, and will continually  
“ Forever and forever make. And oh !  
“ How vastly thus the souls redeemed may grow  
“ In knowledge, power, capacity of joy  
“ Which pleasure heaped on pleasure ne’er can cloy,  
“ Approaching ever nearer and more near  
“ The Infinite, yet always in the rear  
“ At distance measureless. All else beyond  
“ Are they, the chosen ones, who stand around  
“ The thronèd power of God ; prepared to bear  
“ The message of His will, or far or near,  
“ Throughout the universe ; angelic host  
“ Risen from frail humanity to post

“Of hierarch in that sublime domain

“Where reigneth God alone, and will forever reign.”

“Astounding vision ! Sink not, oh my soul !

“Behold ! the vailing clouds of splendor roll

“Off from the face Divine. God deigns to show

“His glory unobscured. I feel, I know

“My end is near ; for mortal cannot see

“His face and live. But, ah ! He smiles on me ;

“He calls me to Himself ; thee, too, my Eve ;

“For, ever gracious, He will not bereave

“His first created. Lord ! we come, we come !

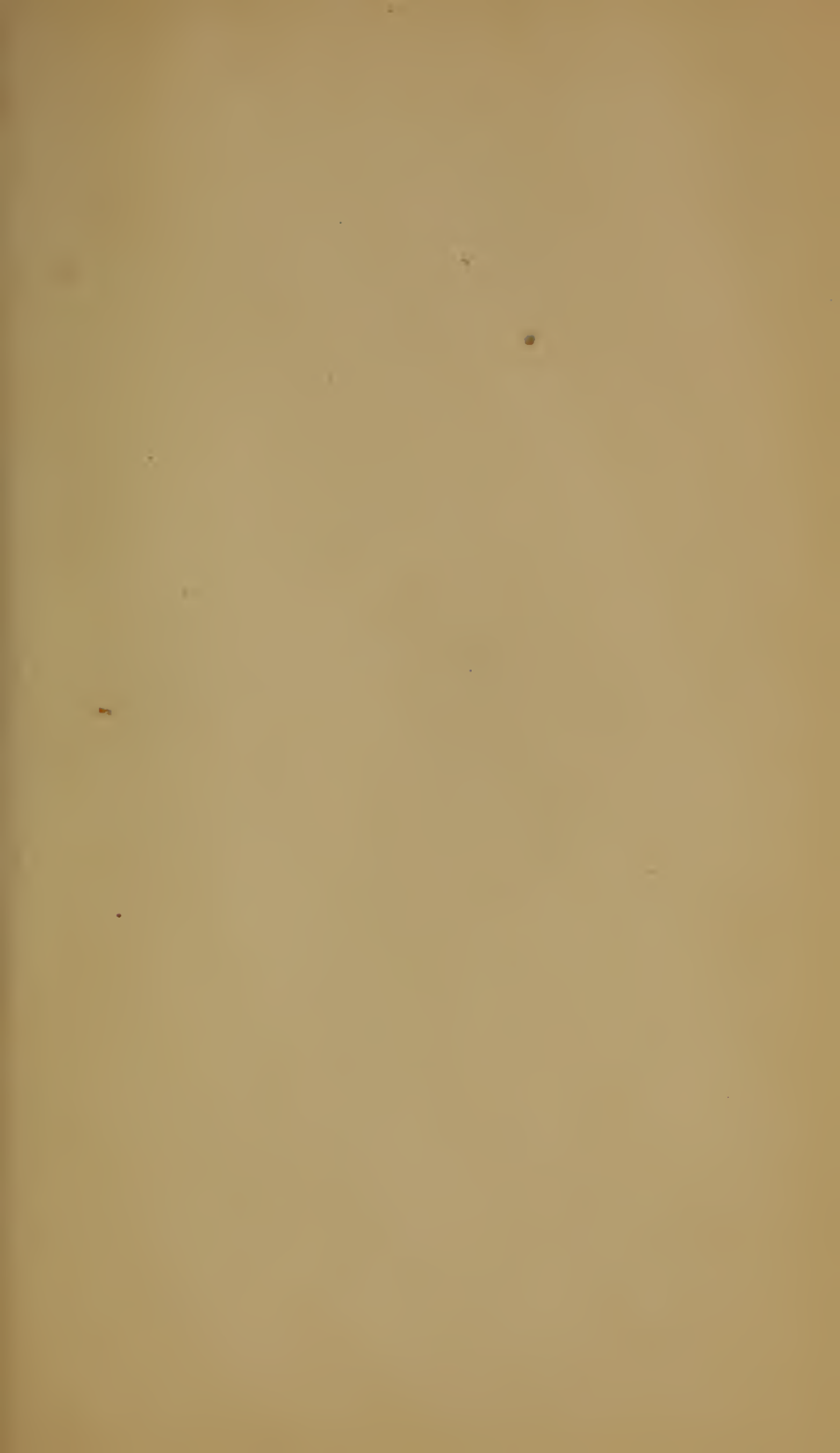
“Receive us, Father, to thy Heavenly home.”

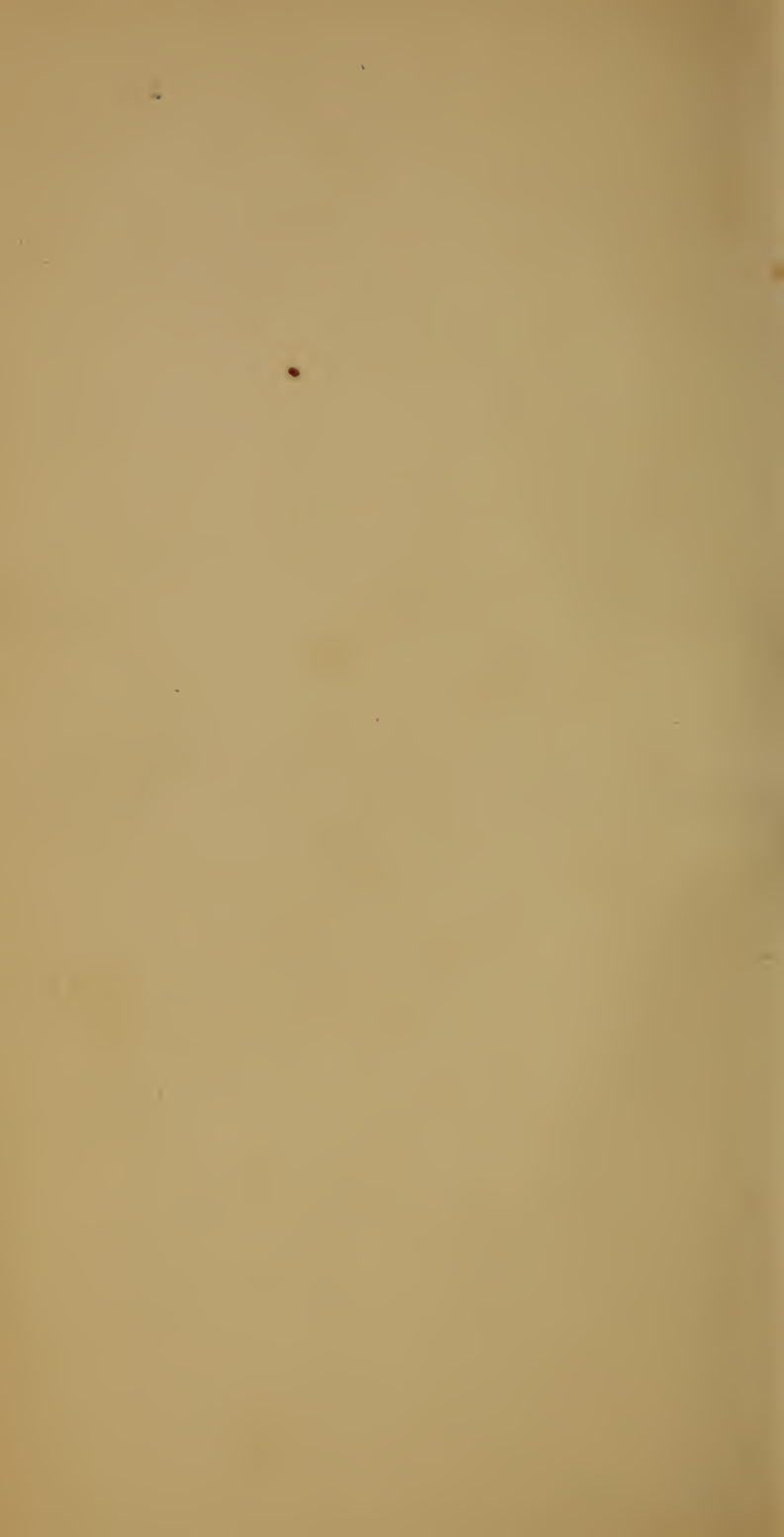
Through the long monologue, with eager ear,  
Eve had drunk in his words. With him to hear  
She seemed, with him to see, with him to feel,  
And all the woes to share, and all the weal,  
Which had alternate poured upon their race  
Till the end came. Then, with enraptured face,  
She saw the glorious vision ; heard the call  
Which summoned them from earthly life and all  
Its ills ; and when her husband threw aloft  
In eagerness his arms, she fell with soft

Embrace, the last of earth, upon his breast,  
To which with love undying she was pressed ;  
And thus they ceased to breathe, and found eternal  
rest.

THE END.













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